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The BYSTANDER.

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Photo *Lallie Charles*

COUNTESS MARIE LOUISE D'HARNONCOURT

The eldest daughter of Count Felix d'Harnoncourt, the well-known Hungarian sportsman, and owner of the estate of Ecska, Hungary

No. 207.—Vol. XVI.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Pongo Papers." By Lord Alfred Douglas. (Greening: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 20, 1907

Mr. Balfour's trip to Birmingham was a great success, and after a visit to Mr. Chamberlain, the two wings of the Unionist Party returned to Whittingehame, where he remains for the present.

* * *

Referring to Mr. Winston Churchill's recent visit to the chiefs of Kiambu, Reuter says: "No Lions were bagged on the journey." Still, the Under-Secretary had better be careful. There may be other attempts to get him.

* * *

A doctors' automobile club is to be formed in Vienna. The club will keep a special garage, from which cars may be taken out by any member. If a suitable motto to be inscribed over the entrance to this is required, we would suggest the following:—

Take out one of our cars.
You will soon have a practice.

* * *

Fogs, if not careful, will become unpopular. Hitherto, Englishmen had always taken a sombre pride in this peculiarly national manifestation. But last week's envelopment of Royalty was too complete to be satisfactory. "I 'eard 'im, but I didn't see 'im," as an enthusiastic admirer of the Kaiser's, who had waited for some hours at a London terminus in order to get a glimpse, said sadly.

* * *

At the same time, it has to be admitted that fogs have the whip-hand of us. Cannon-firing, it appears, will not deter this republican element. And the suggestion of a correspondent that Emperors, when travelling in this country, should wear phosphorescent paste over their uniforms may, perhaps, have to be considered.

* * *

The war in Morocco is said by a contemporary to have developed into a game of strategy. Victory will, apparently, go to whichever General succeeds in concealing from the enemy the fact that his soldiers possess neither boots nor ammunition. The other General will, of course, retire, so far as you can retire barefooted.

The Others ——.

"Papa, what is the difference between the quick and the dead?"

"The quick, my child, are those who hop out of the road in time."

By H. Hope Read

The proposal made by a Michigan Professor that President Roosevelt should be made King of the United States is not, it appears, so disinterested as it was thought to be. Experts maintain that, in the event of the proposal being adopted, the Michigan Professor hopes to receive the appointment of King's Fool.

* * *

The speech of William's at the Guildhall did much to promote peace and goodwill, which the speech of Williams on Tower Hill did nothing to disturb.

* * *

Limerick competitions still continue. Here is a contemporary's advertisement of one:—

Contestants may send in as many attempts as they choose, and win prizes over and over again, as no notice is taken of names and addresses.

This is all very well, but if no notice has been taken of one's name and address, what is the satisfaction of winning these numerous prizes?

* * *

M. Berjonneau is stated to have constructed a new apparatus, which will render it possible in the future to send pictures by wireless telegraphy. Critics of the Royal Academy methods of painting contend that many R.A.'s should find this invention very serviceable.

* * *

Round targets are to take the place of square ones in several of the future competitions at Bisley. Of course, the object in all these contests is to secure conditions approximating as far as possible to those of real warfare, where the enemy form the target. But is it wise, by making public this new shape, to risk giving very obvious offence to, at present, a "friendly" nation?

* * *

Motor-omnibus headaches, experienced by the drivers and conductors of these vehicles, is the latest disease puzzling the medical profession. The theory that these are produced by vibration is a tenable one, vibration being a very noticeable phenomenon, particularly when a motor omnibus collides with a lamp-post.

Marriage à la Mode

(A vision of the future suggested by the Vanderbilt-Szecheny complications.)

The lovely American sighed :—

"I guess it's real hard," she said, "on a girl that's got twenty millions."

"What is hard?" I inquired.

"Not being able fix up my marriages with Selterswasser."

"Are you going to have more than one?"

"Sure!" she said, visibly surprised. "What do you think?"

I apologised for my stupidity, and asked her to tell me how many were considered necessary.

"Well"—she began to count her taper fingers—"there's the family ceremony. That's Episcopalian-Baptist. Poppa used to teach E.-B. Sunday class, so I'll have to have that. That's one. Then Selters wants us done his way."

"The Ep.-Bap. doesn't content him?"

"No, he says it's too easy to get divorced. Maybe it is. But you've got to motor down into Texas for it. Anyway, being Orthodox Pomeranian, he says we must be Pommed. That's two, isn't it? Then there's the civil ceremony. I guess Judge Morgan would be hurt if we didn't turn up at his registry office. Besides, it's only patriotic."

"That's three."

"Four's the Christian Science rite. The New York Four Hundred won't turn out for anything else, and they say it gives you a calm, cool feel, as if everything were all right ever after."

"Happy though married," I murmured.

"That's how," she agreed. "Five's Theosophical. I kind of promised Aunt Sabby that if ever I found a man nice enough, I'd get the ring put on at a *séance*."

"Do spooks ever forbid the banns?" I asked irrelevantly.

"No," she said. "But the Pom. Bish. has got nasty about it. He says Selters can't acknowledge Mahatmas. It's against their articles. It was a surprise to poor old Selters, who'd never read 'em. But he says the Bishop's fairly sure to know."

"So he's backing out, is he?"

"N—not exactly," she said, with her sweet, superior smile. "He's only worried."

"If I were he," I said, "I should insist on the Australian ceremony."

"What is that?" she asked, not without interest.

"It's aboriginal," I replied. "The bridegroom takes a club. A thick one——"

"Yes?"

"And goes up behind the lady when she isn't looking. Then he brings it down on her head suddenly, and carries her off. After that, they're married."

"There something in that," she said thoughtfully. "I might try it on Selters."

THE WEEK'S WEATHER, November 20 to 26, 1907

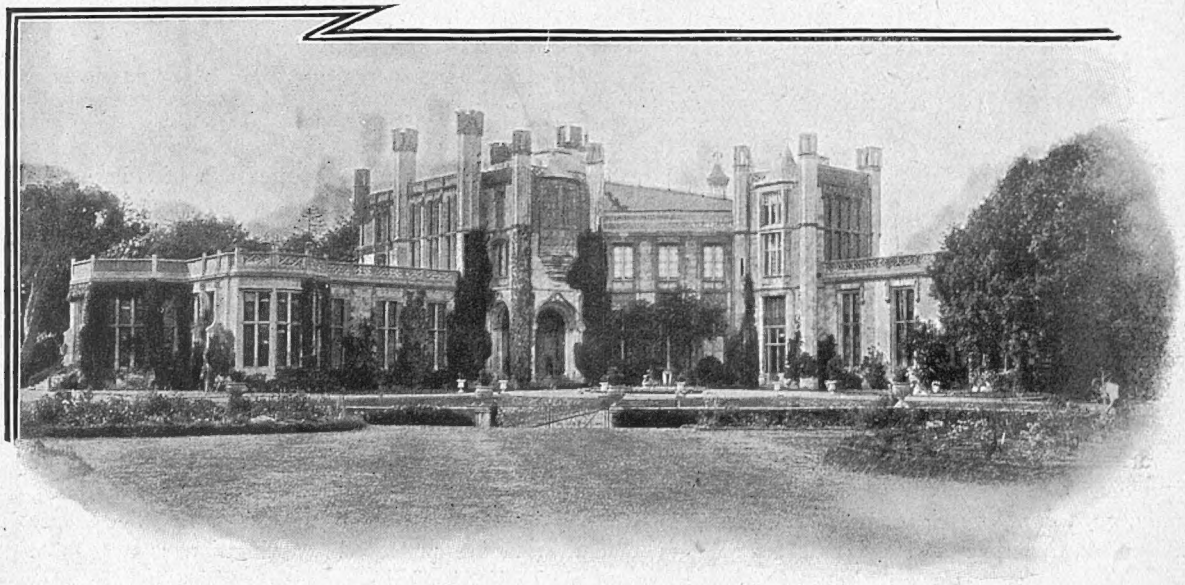
By Hugh Clements

During the week from November 20 to 26 the atmospheric tides for the United Kingdom will be under the direct influence of the moon and sun. As the aerial wave approaches the Channel and South England on the 20th, the barometer will begin to fall, with probable slight rain. On the 21st, the barometer will continue to fall as the wave passes over South England, London, South Wales, and the South of Ireland, with rainfall in those parts some time during the day. At London and South England, the barometer will, on the 22nd, begin to rise, with finer weather, which will continue on the 23rd and 24th, as the barometer rises and remains steady; but on the 25th the wave will approach London and the South of England, South Wales, and South Ireland, and the barometer will begin to fall, with less settled weather and very slight rain in some parts of the district, and will continue to fall on the 26th, as the atmospheric wave passes towards the Channel, with more rain.

During the whole of the week the weather ought to be fine in Scotland, North Ireland, and North England; but in the North Midland counties of England, North Wales, and the North Midland counties of Ireland, it will be unsettled, with rain on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, and with finer weather on the 20th, 21st, 25th, and 26th.

GENERAL FORECAST FOR THE WEEK.

November 20—Slight rain. Barometer falls.
,, 21—Occasional rain.
,, 22—Finer. Barometer rises.
,, 23 } Barometer steady.
,, 24 }
,, 25—Less settled. Barometer falls. Slight local rain.
,, 26—Rain. Barometer falls.



Photo] **Where the Kaiser is Resting: Highcliffe Castle, Christchurch, New Forest** *[Frith*

Somewhat to the general surprise, the Kaiser changed his original plan to take his "rest-cure" in the Isle of Wight in favour of a stay at Highcliffe Castle, Christchurch, Mr. Stuart-Wortley's seat. His Majesty retired there on Saturday, on the completion of his official visit

RACING: Manchester Prospects. BY CARBINE

Mr. Bass Wins the Derby Gold Cup

Among the younger school there are few keener owners on the Turf than Mr. Bass. He is the only Englishman who has given as much as 30,000 guineas for a thoroughbred horse. He bought Cyllene for that amount, and at a time when other wealthy men were making up their minds whether to buy Sceptre or not, he boldly stepped in and secured the beautiful mare for £25,000. I recall these facts just to show how desirous Mr. Bass is of breeding the best stock, and I hope that his enterprise will meet with its proper reward when Sceptre's offspring come before the public. This year he has had a very fair season with Sancy and others, but perhaps the success which has pleased him most was Stickup's at Derby last week. Mr. Bass is, of course, a Derbyshire man bred and born, and it will have pleased him immensely to win the county's premier race, the Derby Gold Cup, especially as he had sound reasons for fancying Stickup's chance.

Manchester November Prospects

Those who witnessed Stickup's easy success are now asking whether the colt is good enough to win the Manchester November Handicap next Saturday in spite of his 10 lb. penalty. It means that Wuffy, who gave him 19 lb. at Derby, has now only to concede 10 lb. If there is anything in handicapping, and we all know that even a pound one way or the other sometimes makes all the difference, then Stickup cannot really have much chance of beating Wuffy again. But Manton is never singly represented in handicaps of this kind. Lischana is also entered, and is nicely "in" on her recent Liverpool form. Whether she or Stickup will be started—or both of them—is doubtful at the time of writing. Wise Mason, who finished third to Stickup and Wuffy at Derby, has also to be considered. And there are others. For instance, Baltinglass, the tremendous Cesarewitch hot-pot who "boiled over." It is believed that he would have done much better in that race if he had had a strong jockey on his back, as he is an awkward customer to manage.

What Will Baltinglass Do?

Well, he has a lot more weight to carry this time, and, if he is started in preference to old Hammerkop, it will be interesting to see what he does in the hands of a powerful horseman. I have an idea that Baltinglass was beaten wholly and solely because he does not really stay the Cesarewitch course. He was leading at the Bushes, and therefore it follows that the Manchester course, which is only a mile and a half, ought exactly to suit Major Loder's colt. Still, Wuffy has an undeniable pull in the weights, and if we put aside all excuses for defeat—they are so often misleading—it seems scarcely credible that Baltinglass, weighted now up to the top of his best form, can succeed after failing when thought to be absolutely "thrown in." Spate, who won the Manchester November Handicap so easily last year, will not be ignored by those who believe in the "horses for courses" theory, but his form this season has been hopelessly discouraging. Beyond those I have mentioned, there may, perhaps, be half a dozen starters on Saturday, but I think the issue rests between **Wuffy**, who will probably get back the Derby losses, and BALTINGLASS, who should run into a place.

The Last of Flat-Racing

The last chance of seeing flat-racing in the South this year will be at Newbury on Wednesday, when the programme is not particularly important; but there are sure to be big fields for most of the events, and winners will need a lot of finding. **Forerunner I'.** is my selection for the Three-year-old Handicap, and **Aurelia,** over whom much money was lost at Derby, ought to do better in the November Nursery Handicap. The second day at Newbury is confined to National Hunt racing, and Mr. B. W. Parr may win the Winchester Steeplechase with Nanoya or Judas. Last scene of all, so far as the flat is concerned, is Manchester, which begins on Thursday. Here the **Juanna Colt** may secure the Lancashire Nursery, and I take **Roseate Dawn** or **Koorhaan** for the Castle Irwell Handicap.

Derby November Meeting: The Parade before the Derby Cup

The race was ultimately won by Stickup

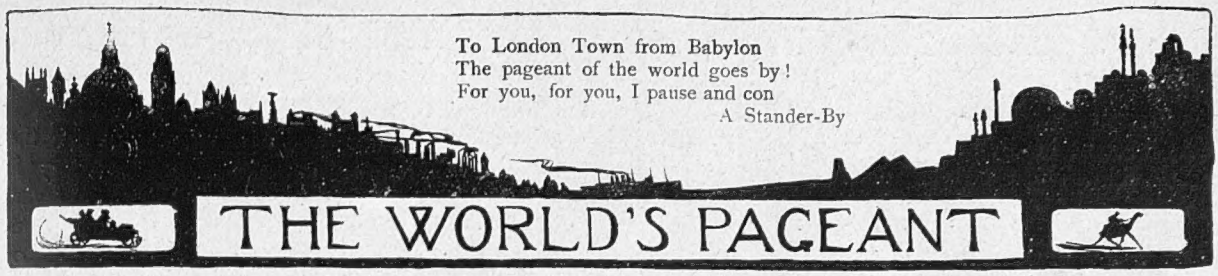
King Alfonso at West Dean Park

Photo *D. Knights-Whittome*

MR. WILLIE JAMES'S HOUSE-PARTY DURING THE KING OF SPAIN'S VISIT

King Alfonso was for three days last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at his beautiful seat at West Dean Park, close to Goodwood. During his stay he enjoyed excellent shooting over the West Dean estates

(1) Lord Chelsea, (2) Lady Cynthia Needham, (3) Mr. Ashley, (4) Mrs. Arthur James, (5) Marquis Villalobar, (6) Baroness M. de Brienen, (7) Mr. Arthur James, (8) Mr. Willie James, (9) Count de la Grove, (10) Lady Chelsea, (11) Marquis Torrecelli, (12) King Alfonso, (13) Miss FitzGibbon, (14) Hon. H. Stonor, (15) Mrs. Willie James, (16) Hon. J. Ward, (17) Mrs. Ashley, (18) Lord Herschell, (19) Lady Kilmorey, (20) Marquis d'Alba, (21) Miss James, (22) Lord Desborough, (23) Mr. F. de Murrietta, (24) Miss Whitelaw Reid, (25) Lady Desborough



Scattered Kings

Royalty, resident and visitant, is much scattered this week. The King, released from his arduous duties as host, is at Ingestre as the guest of the Earl of Shrewsbury, premier earl in the peerages of both England and Ireland. The Queen of England and the Queen of Norway are at Sandringham, the King and Queen of Spain are at Welbeck, the Prince and Princess of Wales will probably pay their promised visit to the Marquis of Northampton at Castle Ashby, and the Kaiser is at Christchurch. The guests invited to meet his Majesty at Ingestre include Theresa, Lady Shrewsbury, widow of the late Earl, Lady Londonderry, the host's eldest sister, Lord and Lady Ingestre, his son and daughter-in-law, Lady Sarah Wilson, and a few others of the Royal circle. Good sport is expected, for the pheasant, rabbit, and wild-fowl shooting on the Ingestre and Tixhall estates is proverbial for its excellence.

* * *

The King's Host

Lord Shrewsbury, the founder of whose family, Richard de Talbot, is mentioned in the Domesday Book as holding nine hides of land in Buckinghamshire, is one of the best all-round sportsmen going. Work, politics, soldiering, or the arts have never occupied him; but at polo, boxing, fencing, cross-country riding, and motoring he excels. For a time his four-in-hand driving was a feature of the meets at the Magazine, and for several seasons he drove the well-known Greyhound coach between Buxton and Alton Towers. His seat, Ingestre, originally belonging to the Chetwynds, passed by marriage to the Earl Talbot whose title and estates came into the possession of the present Lord Shrewsbury's grandfather in 1888.

* * *

The Bourbon Wedding

The wedding between Prince Charles of Bourbon and Princess Louise of France at Wood Norton last week took place with as much pomp and circumstance as if the Duke of Orleans were *de facto*, instead of *de jure*, King of France. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were spent upon it. Over one hundred and twenty members of European aristocracies were present, as well as the Ambassadors from every European country, except France and Germany, and some hundred other guests. Full Court ceremonial was observed, and the wedding breakfast was a veritable feast of Lucullus, the whole of Europe having been ransacked for suitable dainties to grace the occasion. The bride, to be married, stood beneath a canopy of Royal-blue velvet. On it was emblazoned the *fleur-de-lis* without the lambel which she, as a Daughter of France (for the Royalists assume that the Comte de Paris succeeded the Comte de Chambord), is entitled to carry. The Princess Louise, by the way, is very much a Bourbon. She is, in fact, the only child of the Comte de Paris, who has the Bourbon profile, though, even in her, it is more of the Chantilly than the regal Bourbon type. Into the Princess's bridal veil the arms of France were woven, and her lovely bridal gown of embroidered gauzes was designed and completed in Paris.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Duchess of Guise

One of the many distinguished personages present at Wood Norton last week on the occasion of the wedding of her elder sister, Princess Louise of Orleans, to Prince Charles of Bourbon. She and her husband are great lovers of England and things English

* * *

The Duke and Duchess of Guise

Not the least arresting of the interesting collection of French and Spanish Royalties gathered together in England for the Bourbon wedding were the Duke and Duchess of Guise, cousin and sister of the bride. The Duke of Guise, unlike his brothers-in-law, the King of Portugal and the Duke of Aosta (at the time of his marriage heir to the throne of Italy), was not, by any means, a "catch." When he married the smallest and prettiest of the charming daughters of the Comtesse de Paris, therefore, at the Church of St. Raphael, Kingston-on-Thames, the wedding was just a quiet family affair. There are two children of the marriage, the Princesses Isabelle and Françoise, and the Duke and his wife are so very British in their tastes that they are said to be more English than the English. The Duke has brilliant military qualities, and is a captain in the Danish army. He is, of course, only collaterally descended from the great Dukes of Guise who flourished in the sixteenth century. The title passed, by inheritance, into the Orleans family in 1675.

The Amazing Witness: The Naval Squabble

The Premier

As it seems hardly necessary to say, the Premier's sudden illness caused as deep a sensation of regret among his opponents as among his friends. The extent to which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has gained and retained general popularity is almost unique in an essentially fighting politician. A few years ago, the mention of "C.-B." excited, in average circles, smiles of derision—even as the name "Lloyd-George" excited growls of anger. To-day — well, while I am at it, I may as well speak the thought that is in my mind. Contrary to all expectations, the men who enjoy the most general popularity are the Radical "black sheep"—not the snow-white Whigs from the Rosebery fold. "C.-B.," Mr. Morley, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Burns, are certainly in better odour with the man in the street than their Solemnities, Messrs. Asquith, Grey, and Haldane. In fact, if the question of the succession should, unfortunately, arise, I have grave doubts whether the Whigs would have the leadership.

* * *

And the Opposition Leader

One word, in turn, about the Opposition. If Mr. Balfour, at Birmingham, did not give that furious "lead" for which the whole-hoggers so loudly clamoured, formally, his attitude is definite enough. Mr. Chaplin's was the Tariff Resolution, and to Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Balfour said "ditto." Mr. Balfour, as Premier-Presumptive (when the tide turns), has definitely promised a measure of Tariff Reform. He has not threatened to revolutionise our fiscal system, merely to readjust it. Free Traders will, of course, oppose him none the less for that; but, from the Conservative standpoint, his pledge is given in words as clear as possible for a man afflicted with what Carlyle called the "chronic malady of metaphysics."

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Amazing Witness

A snapshot of Mr. Caldwell (on the left), the remarkable American witness in the Druce Case, on his way to Court

Photo *Cribb*

The Naval Signal Sensation

Admiral Sir Percy Scott and his Staff going to meet the Kaiser at Portsmouth. Sir Percy has been at "loggerheads" with Lord Charles Beresford as to a curious signal relative to the question of "paint"

De Beers and the Income Tax

We all have our own grievance against the Income Tax, but, in our case, impotent fury is the only possible ventilation of it. When, however, one's name is De Beers, fury need be by no means impotent. Stung to resentment by the harshness of the treatment meted out to them by the Treasury, whereby, as well as the 10 per cent. they are taxed at the Cape, De Beers are now ordered to pay another 5 per cent. in London (a matter of £350,000 altogether on last year), the Magnates have replied, in effect: "All right. Shan't stop in your beastly country." Result: De Beers have transferred their controlling office to Kimberley, and London is the loser by so much capital. At a moment when one of our political parties is boasting so loudly of our prosperity as "the commercial and financial centre of the world," this action by De Beers is not without point. If, as a result of the exorbitant demands of our Treasury on capital, other great foreign and Colonial financial houses are driven to Paris or Berlin, Mr. Asquith will soon have a very different "song-to-sing-oh."

* * *

Snapping Sea-Dogs

Really, there is more than an element of humour in the Scott-Beresford affair. "Charlie," the very demi-god of indiscretion, rebuking the perpetrator of his own darling sin, Sir Percy Scott, is a sight sufficiently amusing. Paint, though, just paint, and a shooting sea-dog's unwise facetiousness, do seem rather small bones over which to waste such a quantity of growl. "Paint ship," ordered Sir Charles Beresford. And "Paint work," signalled Sir Percy Scott to the *Roxburgh*, "appears more in demand than gunnery, so you had better come in in time to look pretty by the 8th inst." The message was (one would like to know why and by whom?) transmitted to the Admiral when he arrived. In a moment, "fiery Charlie" was up in arms. This was trespassing on

A Wedding of Much Importance

SATURDAY'S REMINDER OF THE SPLENDID REALITY OF THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS

The Bridal Procession

Prince and Princess Charles of Bourbon (Princess Louise of France) leaving the Chapel. The Royal pair are immediately followed by H.M. the Queen of Spain and H.M. the "King of France" (or, strictly speaking, the Duke of Orleans). The ceremony was regal to the utmost extent, and is likely to remind France, in vigorous fashion, that she has a Royal House which, though in exile, is able to vie in elegance with the highest traditions of Versailles

Where the Kaiser Thought Out His Speech

his preserves. To the whole of the fleet he announced that the Scott signal was "contemptuous in tone and insubordinate in character," and ordered it to be expunged from the signal logs of the *Good Hope* and the *Roxburgh*. Without doubt, the greatest gunner in the Service has been indiscreet. On the other hand, Lord Charles has been, perhaps, needlessly peppery. Guns, after all, *are* more important than paint, though it was a little unexpected to be reminded of the fact quite so tersely.

* * *

The Kaiser

The War-Lord-cum-Peace-Maker is taking a well-earned and much-wanted rest. Highcliffe Castle, the Imperial retreat, is one of the most delightful spots on the South coast. A modern structure—the old castle, built by a Lord Bute, fell into the sea—it is romantically situated and cosily sheltered, while yet open to the soft sea breezes of the Hampshire coast. It is to be hoped that the utmost possible benefit will accrue to the Kaiser from his English "cure." On Wednesday last, as he drove to the City, though he was, I am told, almost pathetically pleased with the warm welcome his uncle's people gave him, the Kaiser looked pale and thin, almost shrunken, beside his tall, strong Empress, and the sternness of outlook which was so much commented upon was three-parts fatigue and strain. Rest and privacy, it appears, are absolutely imperative to his well-being just at present. It is a great compliment to us that he should elect to seek both here.

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In the City

Somehow, the German Kaiser is so connected in one's mental vision with fierce demeanour, shining helmet, and silver eagle, that it was almost a disappointment to see him enter the City comparatively quietly clad in the historic uniform of Ziethen's Hussars. The black hussar busby, the skull and cross-bones of the famous regiment just above his forehead, the heavily laced black uniform, and the grey, German military cloak, seemed to accentuate the Kaiser's pallor and immobility. One missed the gorgeous Prussian trappings of his former visit. The Empress, on the other hand, was all smiles and alertness. Beautifully dressed in pale mauve, a large, rather youthful, but very becoming feathered hat on her whitening hair, and wearing pearls and furs worth a King's ransom, she looked charmed and touched with her welcome. It was not until after lunch that the Kaiser cast off the cloak of stern silence which had covered him: but then he threw it off to good effect, and it was with all his old fire and spirit that he declared that—

The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of good relations between our two countries, and I shall further strengthen them as far as lies in my power.

Furnished by Waring's: The cue for the Kaiser's Guildhall speech

The above illustration shows the Kaiser passing Waring and Gillow's beautifully decorated premises on his recent visit to the City. The motto over the main entrance, "Blood is Thicker than Water," furnished his Majesty with a text for his impromptu, yet historic, speech at the Guildhall, in reply to the Civic address. "Amongst the magnificent decorations," he said, "we were able to admire, I saw one inscription in big letters saying 'Blood is thicker than water'"

The Welcoming of William

SCENES AT LAST WEDNESDAY'S STATE VISIT TO THE CITY

The Imperial Carriage at Oxford Circus: A view of the crowds

Photos *Topical Agency and Graphic Photo Union*

A Study in Imperial Smiles: The Kaiser and Kaiserin receiving the Mayors of Westminster, Marylebone, and Holborn

The visit of the Kaiser and Kaiserin to London last Wednesday was a great spectacular success. There was beautiful weather, and large crowds, who greeted the visitors with rounds of applause, lined the route. (There were no bombs)

Last Week's Houses of Interest

Photo] **West Dean Park : Where King Alfonso was entertained for the shooting last week** *[Knights-Whittome*

The entertainment of kings and princes makes no undue calls on the resources of West Dean Park, the Sussex seat of Mr. and Mrs. William James, where the King of Spain was staying last week. The interior is all arranged in suites as in a Royal palace, the State apartments opening one out of another in regulation fashion. A minstrels' gallery and the famous Hamilton tapestry are features of the great hall. The house is situated a short distance from the Goodwood racecourse, and lies in a hollow. It was built as a family seat by John, second Lord Selsey, and is constructed of flint

King Alfonso at West Dean

From a fellow-guest of his Most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain at West Dean, I learn that that young Monarch has vastly altered since his marriage. He is no longer the nervous, high-spirited school-boy, nor has he retained that overflowing *joie de vivre* and incessant wish for exercise which so characterised him in the days of his courtship of Princess Ena. His charm of manner, however, has, if anything, increased; anyway, it now captures all hearts, and that is fortunate, for it is this undoubted charm of manner and the eminently aristocratic impression he gives, which enables one to forget the defects of his personal appearance. He speaks far more clearly since the operation on his throat and nose, breathes more quietly, and has, in fine, almost assimilated that Teutonic serenity of look and manner which distinguishes his fair-haired Queen. Her Majesty, by the way, is not wearing her "best" clothes in England. She and her mother, shopping in London, wear the plainest, most "sensible" of garments. Yet it is said that a perfect mania for shopping has seized Queen Victoria. She spent £2,000 in jewellery in Paris alone, and she has spent as much again in London on a new trousseau for self and baby.

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A Royal Gift

Sir Frederick Treves, upon whom the King has bestowed a further mark of Royal favour in the presentation of Thatched House Lodge, Richmond,

Presented to the Royal Surgeon as a Token of the King's Esteem

Thatched House Lodge, Richmond, which has been presented to Sir Frederick Treves by the King, was, until recently, occupied by the Right Hon. Sir Edmund Monson, formerly British Ambassador in Paris. The original house, which is redolent of Georgian associations, still stands in the gardens. It is now a summer house, and the beautiful paintings on its walls, credited to Angelica Kauffmann, are in a perfect state of preservation

On His Favourite Steed

Photo *Knights-Whittome*

H.M. THE KING RIDING TO THE COVERTS AT SANDRINGHAM

The King is almost invariably accompanied on his shooting expeditions by his favourite pony. On descending from his motor, the King rides to the coverts on this pretty little steed

A Mystery of the House of Orleans

is a great favourite at Court. He first came into prominence there when he operated on the King in June, 1902, and it is to Sir Frederick Treves, of course, that we are indebted for that most indispensable and most fashionable malady of modern times—Appendicitis. I am not certain that he actually discovered it; that honour may belong to Lord Lister; but, at any rate, he made it very *chic*, and, for quite a long time, it was considered positively *vieux jeu* to have anything the matter with one which could not, somehow or other, be called appendicitis. It is said, however, that Sir Frederick was extremely nervous when he performed his favourite operation on the King. On his recovery of consciousness, the King, noting the somewhat careworn, not to say distracted, expression on Sir Frederick's face, remarked: "Don't seem to have been enjoying yourself, Treves!" "No, sir," replied Sir Frederick, "I haven't. In fact, I'd have given £10,000 to get out of it." The Royal family, by the way, do not pay for special medical services, the recommendation, introduction, and social kudos involved being regarded as sufficient reward. The King has no fewer than sixty medical attendants, most of them, however, purely honorary.

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Maria Stella, Lady Newborough

Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, whose photograph we publish, is the best all-round sportsman in the three kingdoms. The publication, at this particular moment, of Sir Ralph's book, "The Mystery of Maria Stella, Lady Newborough" (Edward Arnold), is of special interest in view of the Bourbon-Orleans wedding at Wood Norton last week. Maria Stella, Lady Newborough contended that she was the legitimate daughter and eldest child of Egalité, Duc d'Orleans. She spent twenty years of her life, her health, and all her money trying to prove it, and many people are even now searching for documents, said to exist, which would prove her supposed Royal parentage. Were it to be proved—and there is an overwhelming mass of circumstantial evidence in its favour—could it be shown that Maria Stella was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, then all the members of the existing House of Orleans are illegitimate, and her descendants—the Yarboroughs—are heirs of all his wealth, as well as that of his wife and children.

Photo *Sarony*

Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey

The well-known sportsman. Sir Ralph, in his book, "The Mystery of Maria Stella, Lady Newborough," unearths a strange story, which disputes the legitimacy of the "reigning" branch of the house of Orleans

Maria Stella, Lady Newborough

Alleged to be the legitimate daughter of Philippe Egalité, Duc d'Orleans, substituted at birth for the son of a village constable, who was passed off as the heir, from whom the Duke of Orleans is descended

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Present Lady Newborough

Her Story

The story, re-told by Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, is that, in 1772, Egalité and his wife, then Duke and Duchess of Chartres, were travelling *incognito* in Italy as the Comte and Comtesse de Joinville. The Duchess gave birth to a daughter. The Duke greatly desired a son, chiefly for pecuniary reasons, for had his Duchess pre-deceased him without leaving a son, nearly all her immense wealth would have reverted to her family. His wife was very delicate, the only survivor of seven children, and there seemed little likelihood of an heir. So the Duke, the story goes, exchanged his infant daughter for a boy born on the same day to the wife of one L. Chiappini, constable of the village of Modigliana. This girl-child was brought up in the constable's family and passed for his daughter. She was married at Florence, when only twelve, to the first Lord Newborough, a widower of somewhat eccentric habits. The son of Chiappini was, for a monetary consideration, handed over to the Duke of Orleans, and eventually became Louis Philippe, King of France.

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The Proofs

The most convincing proofs that such an exchange was effected would seem to be found in the personal appearance of the parties chiefly concerned — Maria Stella and Louis Philippe. Louis Philippe, in person, in manner, and in the contour of his physiognomy, resembled an Italian peasant. He had a dark, coarse skin, very common appearance, and heavy, underbred physique, while Philippe Egalité, his reputed father, was said to be the handsomest and most elegant man in France. His three younger children were all fair and refined looking, and bore no kind of resemblance to their supposed elder brother. On the other hand, Maria Stella's likeness to many members of the House of Orleans, particularly to the children of Egalite, was most striking. She bore no resemblance to the undoubted offspring of Chiappini, her reputed father. That she was the daughter of an individual calling himself the Comte de Joinville is established. What cannot be irrefutably proved is that this Comte de Joinville was the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Philippe Egalité, *incognito*.

A Notable Amateur Troupe

THE WINDSOR STROLLERS' FORTHCOMING PERFORMANCES

Lady Gooch Sir Daniel Gooch

The Strollers in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment"

Photo Shadwell Clerke

Lady Susan Yorke

A Windsor "Stroller"

Photos *Russell*

The Strollers in "Brother Officers"

The Windsor Strollers will give their annual performances at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of this month, when the plays chosen are *The Mistletoe Man* and *The Importance of Being Ernest*, the latter being preceded by the comedietta, *A Privy Council*. The casts will include Lady Susan Yorke, Mrs. C. Crutchley, Mrs. W. Murray, Miss Emily Loch, Miss Olga Montagu, Miss Holmes, Colonel Chaytor, Colonel Newnham Davis, Captain Liddell, the Hon. Stephen Powys, and Mr. Cowley Lambert. The music will be supplied by the Ranee of Sarawak's Ladies' Orchestra

BACK ROW (*left to right*): Mr. W. Stephenson, Mr. C. Drummond, the Hon. W. Goschen, Major Nugent, Mr. Cowley Lambert, Mr. C. W. A Trollope, Colonel Chaytor, Miss Elsie Chester, and the Hon. S. Powys

FRONT ROW: Miss Adeline Baird, Mrs. Blakeston, and Miss Winifred Fraser

The Late (and the Present) Lord Chesham

Photo *Russell*

The Late Lord Chesham

An obituary notice of whom appears in "By Field, Stream, and Covert" (p. 384)

Maria Stella's Descendants

The first Lord Newborough married Maria Stella, then a singing girl, in Florence, in 1782. She was barely thirteen, and he was fifty. Her sons succeeded as second and third Barons Newborough. The present Lord Newborough is her great-grandson. He has no children, and is married to a Miss Grace Garr, of Kentucky, sister of Mrs. Chauncey, a wealthy American widow, who also prefers England to her native soil. Though an Irish baron, Lord Newborough is Welsh (and French) by descent and connection. He owns property in North Wales, has served in the Denbighshire Yeomanry, and is High Sheriff of that county. His family seat, Plas Newydd, bears the same name as that of Lord Anglesey in his titular island, a peer who also, it is rumoured, is contemplating an alliance with the stage.

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Quenby Hall

Followers of the Quorn will be interested to learn that Quenby Hall, Leicestershire, one of the most beautiful and most interesting houses in England, has been purchased by Mrs. Edward Greaves, through the well-known agents, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The old Hall is a wonderful example of early seventeenth-century work, and, unlike many early English houses, the sites of which were chosen on low ground, Quenby stands 500 ft. above sea level. Its striking façade in stone, dressed red brick, flanked by towers, is familiar to the architect and antiquary, and the interior is rich in old carved oak-work. The estate is mentioned in records of the thirteenth century, and was in the possession of the Ashbys for 800 years. In renovating the interior of the hall, Mrs. Greaves has had the benefit of the advice of Mr. Gotch and the late Mr. Bodley, R.A.

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Lord and Lady Guilford

Lord Guilford, who yesterday celebrated his thirty-first birthday, is a very popular young peer, who hunted his own harriers for a good many years at Waldershare Park, his Kentish seat, and has always shown his followers excellent sport. Three years ago, Lord and Lady Guilford gave up residence at Waldershare, and now live at Eythorne, a somewhat smaller place on the family property. Both Lord and Lady Guilford are tremendously keen on horses and hunting. Lord Guilford inherits his sporting proclivities from his father, who, it will be remembered, met with an untimely death in a steeplechase at Windsor, when his son and heir was quite a little boy. Lady Guilford, too, comes of good sporting stock, for she is a daughter of Mr. W. H. Pawson, of Shawdon, Northumberland, a niece of Lord St. Vincent, and a sister of the Mr. Pawson whose courser, Pistol II., won the Waterloo Cup at Altcar in 1905. Lord and Lady Guilford have two little sons. The elder is designated Lord North, but the title is purely a courtesy one, the barony of Guilford being the only inferior title now annexed to the earldom. The barony of North passed away from it more than a century ago and is now a separate peerage, the present Lord Guilford being not even a lineal descendant of the last Earl who held the barony. The present Lord North is a grandson of the third Earl.

Photo *H. W. Barnett*

The New Lord Chesham

Aged thirteen; lately the Hon. John Compton

The Sale of Another "Stately Home": Quenby Hall, Leicestershire

A wonderful example of early seventeenth-century work, attached to an estate of great antiquity. It has recently been purchased by Mrs. Edward Greaves. The mansion is well known to huntsmen with the Quorn

Of Hunting Renown

Photo *Lambert Weston*

LORD AND LADY GUILFORD

At Eythorne, their residence (near Waldershare, Kent, the family seat). Lord and Lady Guilford are devoted to sport of all kinds, particularly to hunting

Songsters of the Hour

A Canadian Contralto

Miss Edith Miller, whose Song Recital takes place at the Bechstein Hall to-day (Wednesday). At a recent "smoker" of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, Miss Miller was specially applauded by H.M. the King

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mme. Tetrazzini

The *prima donna* of the autumn Opera season. London has now discovered what the Continent has all along known, that Tetrazzini is a great singer, and has, with its customary passion for inept comparisons, dubbed her "another Patti"

La Tetrazzini

At last, a singer who can "act with her voice"! At last, a singer who combines with a technique surely almost perfect a vocal colour as varied as it is beautiful! "La Tetrazzini," as everyone calls her, is truly wonderful. Like that other great artist, discovered in a previous autumn season, Mme. Maria Gay, she can act as well as sing. "What price Melba now?" asked Covent Garden in the vernacular the other night as the last lovely notes of the famous "Sempre libera degg'io" in *La Traviata* died away, though ancient opera-goers shook their heads and applauded unwillingly, murmuring "Not quite Patti." La Tetrazzini sings with a complete absence of effort. As Violetta, her pathos and restraint, her exquisite pianissimo in the dying scene, and the fact that the actress was never quite lost in the singer, completely triumphed. It triumphed even over her appearance, which suggests the robust Italian *prima donna* rather more obviously than the consumptive courtesan, and it went so far as to triumph over those really dreadfully ugly Italian frocks of the day before yesterday, while the rest of the cast appeared in Thackerayan garb, fobs, side whiskers, and all. La Tetrazzini has sung in almost every civilised country except England and France. She is now engaged for four seasons at Covent Garden and for three in New York.

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A Canadian Contralto

Miss Edith Miller is of those fortunate ones who have profited by an opportunity. At the smoking concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society early in the year she happened to be known to sing. She sang, and the King himself, who happened to be present, gave her applause with the Royal hands. More than this, he sent asking her to sing again, and afterwards personally congratulated her on her performance. Perhaps to obtain the Royal favour to-day is hardly what it would have been in mediæval times, but with the seal of kingly approval set on her performance, it is not surprising that her career should have been assured. Besides her qualifications for social success—she is tall and graceful, and has a particularly fascinating manner—she brings real musical talent to bear on what she undertakes, and those who heard her sing during the recent series of Promenade Concerts were charmed by the skill and restraint with which she used her contralto voice. Even now one can hear her singing "Me voici dans son boudoir" with delicious piquancy. It was at once evident that such proficiency could only have been the result of hard work, and, indeed, Miss Miller has been working very hard for the last ten years, when she first had the idea of leaving Toronto to study singing in London. Life has had its ups and downs for her, and at one time she was forbidden by the doctors to continue singing, owing to the effects of overwork. All that is past now, however, and, fortunately, her voice does not show any sign of the strain. To-day (Wednesday) she is giving, at the Bechstein Hall, a recital, which is to include a new song-cycle, composed by Mr. Roger Quilter, a writer of songs whose efforts have hitherto been directed more towards the achievement of an "atmosphere" than to the exposition of definite melodies.

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A De Reszke École de Chant

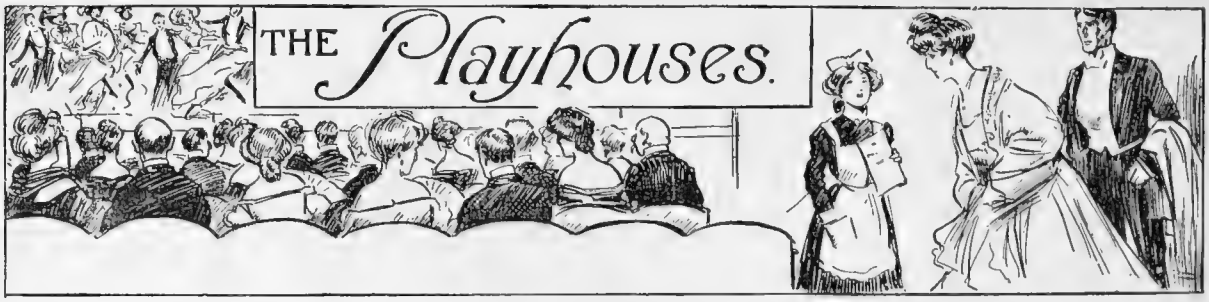
If any proof is wanted of the vogue of music at the present moment, the whole of the "Smart Set" is learning to sing or having its voice found for it. Right in the heart of Mayfair, in a pretty house in Draycott Place, Cadogan Gardens, that robust singer and delightful personality, M. Edouard de Reszke has started an *École de Chant*, which promises to become a centre of vocal fashion. M. de Reszke knows so many people, and so many people know him, both personally and by good repute, and he has also, as his right-hand man, so able a lieutenant in Mr. Walter Johnstone Douglas, that he is pretty certain, very soon, to be even more the fashion than he is at present. M. de Reszke is as clever a teacher as he is *raconteur* and singer, and can do more with you in half an hour than many others can do in half a day. M. de Reszke scouts indignantly the suggestion that we are neither a musical nation nor a musically critical one. He considers us both musical and critical, and, in addition, more appreciative of really good music than any other nation. His great difficulty with his English pupils, he tells me, is over their foreign pronunciation. So long as they sing in their native tongue all goes well, and he finds splendid material to work on. But start them on French, or Italian, or German, the languages of operas, and their troubles—and his—begin!

Airing Their Views & VIEWING HIS AIRS

THE BROTHERS DE RESZKE OBLIGE LEONCAVALLO WITH A LITTLE ADVICE

Photo **M. Edouard de Reszke** **M. Jean de Reszke** **Leoncavallo** *Padgett*

Probably there are no two living men better qualified to advise a composer on operatic points than the famous Brothers de Reszke, who are above seen at a little *al resco* consultation with the composer of *I'agli cci* and *Rolan: of berlin*. M. Jean de Reszke (the erstwhile "peerless knight" of Wagnerian operas—the *only* Lohengrin of recent memory) has for some years left the stage, and is now engaged in training other people to become de Reszkes. M. Edouard de Reszke outlasted his brother on the stage for some years, but has been more in New York than in London. He is now, however, in our city, and is, too, taking up the task of teaching, for which he is so well qualified, being a basso of wondrous richness, and great experience



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

"The Thief"

"Thief" plays are quite the rage now, so it is not surprising to find Mr. Alexander enter the field with an adaptation by Cosmo Gordon-Lennox of *Le Voleur*, the play which has enjoyed a striking success in Paris.

M. Henry Bernstein's name is one to conjure with in Paris. He turns out successful plays with surprising regularity. One visit to the St. James's Theatre is quite sufficient to account for this happy faculty of M. Bernstein. He has the "sense of the theatre" developed to a remarkable degree. With M. Bernstein nothing happens "off." All his little excitements are engineered "on," and are witnessed by his full stock of characters. Raymond Leyton (Mr. Sidney Valentine) discovers that his wife has been missing bank-notes out of a drawer in her boudoir; he announces this fact to his assembled friends, as also the fact that the mysterious Mr. Protheroe is, in reality, a Scotland Yard detective. The assembled guests are filled with excitement by this announcement. Their excitement increases when they are told that Mr. Protheroe is about to give the result of his investigations and to proclaim the thief. They settle down in their seats with an air which plainly says: "Thoughtful host to arrange such a novel and entertaining surprise." It is, perhaps, needless to remark that in real life no such pother would have been made. The thief would have been quietly named by the detective to the master of the house in his study. M. Bernstein, however, is artful enough to disarm criticism by making one of his characters express precisely what the audience are feeling, namely, that the host is very melodramatic in his manner of arranging a "*coup*." The detective, too, feels that it is rather a breach of professional etiquette to name the thief before the assembled guests. His scruples, however, are soon overcome, and the excitement among the company becomes intense. The thief, says Mr. Protheroe, after a somewhat elaborate explanation of his methods of investigating the case, is Harry, the nineteen-year-old son of Raymond Leyton.

THE most CENSOR-ed Man of To-day

Mr. G. A. Redford, the Examiner of Plays, for whose blood an army of dramatic authors is metaphorically thirsting. Apart from his public position he is a most charming and cultured personality

The Inevitable Mistake

It is not long before we begin to suspect that Mr. Protheroe has made a mistake. The boy is passionately devoted to one of the married guests, Mrs. Chelford. It is an innocent and youthful, but none the less strong, attachment. The youth has a leaning towards verse-making, and it is his habit to hide his effusions in Marise Chelford's boudoir. A real detective, we imagine, would have taken a very short time to discover that the boy, so far from taking notes from the boudoir, was interested in placing notes there. But then a real detective in a "thief play" would spoil the game. The boy, Harry Leyton, of course, shields the real culprit, the woman he loves.

The Great Scene

The second act takes place in the Chelfords' bedroom. By a rather clumsy stage device Richard Chelford (Mr. George Alexander) discovers the case in which his wife has hidden the stolen notes. Then comes the great scene of the play. However one is inclined to boggle over the artifice M. Bernstein has employed in leading to this scene, one cannot help but be carried away by the strength of it. The wife prevaricates and lies, but her poor defence is soon broken down by her indignant husband. At last she confesses the truth. She has stolen the money in order to buy expensive gowns. Her love for her husband is so great that she cannot bear to see him even glance at the wealthier women in her set who can afford to dress so much more elaborately than she. Her husband is her world. To gratify her intense longing to look beautiful in his eyes she has plunged more and more deeply into debt. Finally pressed on all sides by creditors, she is overcome by temptation to steal the money carelessly flung about her

"THE THIEF"

A Few Impressions at the St James's Theatre

SKETCHED AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

boudoir by her hostess, Mrs. Leyton. It is a fine scene. It is a scene in which Miss Irene Vanbrugh is given greater opportunities, perhaps, than she has ever before enjoyed. Miss Vanbrugh has played many emotional rôles, but after Marise Chelford her name will be one of the first to spring to the lips when one hears, as one so often does, French and German actresses belauded and English actresses belittled.

After all the sustained excitement of this scene, the rest of the play falls rather tamely. The motive is this: Richard Chelford, having found his wife to be untruthful, when accused of one sin, argues that she is guilty of another. He suspects her relations with the boy, Harry Leyton, who has acted so nobly in shielding her. This motive is not convincing. In the last act, a farewell takes place between Raymond Leyton and his son. Harry is being sent to Brazil to make a new start in life. The guilty woman watches him without a word. Suddenly the full reality of her cowardice surges up in her. She springs to her feet and confesses her guilt. This action, unprompted by her husband, has the effect of softening his heart towards her. They are reconciled, though for one awful moment we are led to believe that Richard Chelford intends to call Harry back into the room and learn the truth of the relations between the boy and his wife by employing the cross-examining tactics in the use of which he is so adept.

Photos

Miss Mabel Sealby—

She is now playing Miss Gracie Leigh's part during the tour of *Miss Hook of Holland* through the provinces

The play is strong indeed, but does not escape crudity. It is melodrama cleverly disguised by the setting. The unthinking may possibly leave the theatre under the impression they have seen a powerful play of modern life. I wish them well of the idea. It is better to be carried away by the power of the play than to remain in your place carping at the unreality and theatricality of the theme; at strained situations, at stage tricks old and new. However, if it does nothing less, the play acts as a searchlight upon the great talents of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and for that one reason must be commended. Mr. Alexander was better in the normal than in the dramatic passages; in the latter, he was, to say the least, over-emphatic.

Mr. Sydney Valentine and Miss Lilian Braithwaite, as Mr. and Mrs. Leyton, did all that was required of them to keep up the thrills in the play. Mr. Reginald Owen worked hard to make the boy, Harry Leyton, real. It was a difficult task. No young actor could succeed in making this character (in an English version) other than a young cub who needed to have his silly fancies knocked out of him. E. C. S.

THE NEW HENGLER'S

Since its renovation Hengler's can boast of being one of the handsomest places of amusement in London, and should prove a veritable fairyland for children. The corridors, flanked with mirrors, the hundreds of electric lights dotted here and there, and the artistic decorative paintings, offer a perfect feast for the eye. It is almost impossible to identify the present Hengler's with the rather dilapidated building of a few months back. A strong programme is presented twice daily by M. Beketow's Russian Circus, and the size of the audiences points to the fact that this form of amusement continues to attract a large public. Space will not allow me to write at any length about the good things to be found in the programme, but I should just like to make mention of the Fergana Trio, a troupe of very clever eccentric acrobats; Mlle. Wardia Beketow, who gives an exhibition of equestrian jumping; the Wolkowsky troupe of singers and dancers, whose dances are both clever and quaint; M. Beketow's horses; and, lastly, the Four Lepicqs, who give some daring aerial trapeze displays. Then there are some really comic clowns, performing dogs and elephants, and many other turns too numerous to mention. R. M.

Whitlock

—A Charming Mina

Her performance at the different towns visited during the tour of the piece has been a marked success

THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME

"Robinson Crusoe"

Mr. Ernest Carpenter promises to take full advantage of the large stage at the Lyceum to give some very fine spectacular effects in the forthcoming pantomime. The chief "transformation" will be entitled, "The Coral Realms under the Sea," introducing a coral ballet, and ending with an ascent of a great fairy diving-bell. The principal boy will be handsome Miss Dorothy Craske, the principal girl Miss Sybil Arundale, and the principal comedian Mr. George Le Clerq, supported by Mr. Brown Newland.

Scala Theatre

In our issue of November 6, in which we published a notice of a performance at the Scala Theatre, we gave the name of the production as *Stemming the Tide*. The title of the play should have been given as *Stemming the Stream*.

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Orleans Wedding

It must have struck many newspaper readers that the Bourbon-Orleans wedding is attracting but little attention in France, whereas the marriage of Princess Marie Bonaparte has excited much. Nearly every garment that the future Princess George of Greece has bought has been described in the various weekly periodicals, whilst in the case of the Orleans marriage, hardly anyone to whom I have spoken even knows who the bridegroom is. Is it an instance of "out of sight, out of mind," or has France really come to consider the Orleans family as remote foreigners, and to be as indifferent to them as to the Grand Dukes of Austria? Or is there, perhaps, a tacit understanding among Republicans that the function shall be ignored as a political danger? Whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains that the newspapers have paid no attention to it, and the public shows no desire for news. The truth is that, under the leadership of the Duke of Orleans, the party is rapidly dwindling into absolute insignificance. So far as the Orleans family is concerned, the great expenditure on the wedding is obviously intended to show the world, and especially the Royalties of other countries, that the family has no intention of abandoning its Royal prestige.

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The Kaiser and the Scandals

In spite of the great anxiety to keep the Kaiser's name out of the recent Berlin scandals, German opinion is still exercised as to his Majesty. It is not that the Imperial reputation is affected, or that Prince von Bülow has lost any of the esteem in which his fellow-countrymen hold him. The something is that Germans, knowing Berlin to be a sink of human iniquity, have a confused idea that "there is some fire where there is so much smoke." The bad reputation of Berlin among Germans for immorality and perversity exceeds anything that was ever enjoyed by Paris. There was a time when Hamburg had the unenviably bad name of *das Kleine Paris* (Paris being the wickedest place in the world), but the bad name of Berlin has now quite eclipsed it. Comparing Paris with Berlin, Parisian vice is either graceful or horribly vulgar, but always joyous. That of Berlin is offered, with all the grim determination of German business

Before the Orleans Wedding

Prince Charles of Bourbon, the bridegroom, walking in the streets of Madrid with his *fiancée*, the Princess Louise de Orleans. The wedding was celebrated at Wood Norton on the 16th inst.

habits, to the dull provincials who swarm day and night along Unter den Linden and Freidrich-strasse. The unsavoury hints which Messrs. Harden and Brand have echoed probably only show that the *noveaux riches* of Berlin are not yet sufficiently experienced in luxury to make the necessary distinctions. The Kaiser, however, in spite of everything, is doing all he can to popularise Berlin with the foreigner. He is jealous of the success of Paris and London, and is bringing forward all kinds of suggestions and schemes which he fondly hopes will make Berlin more of a world's capital than it is at present.

* * *

The Case of Fallières, fils

Presidents have their family tribulations, like other mortals, as President Fallières has reason just now to complain. Those two virtuous champions of public morals, the *Eclair* and the *Libre Parole*, have just unearthed a scandal into which they are trying to drag the President's only son. The occasion is the recent suicide of a young French advocate, which they ingeniously attribute to sorrow over the unfaithfulness of his wife, with whom young Fallières seems to be acquainted.

Here again, politics, rather than any deep attachment to the preservation of Presidential propriety, are certainly the moving cause. Both papers are strongly Nationalist and reactionary, and M. Judet and M. Drumont have more than once been the victims of the ruling party in France. It is not at all impossible that the young man may have been exposed to the temptations of a President's son, and his having given way to them may be the reason why his father recently sent him to Constantinople, where he had the benefit of the care of that astute and virtuous statesman and diplomatist, M. Constans. People will have had time to forget that it was he who checkmated General Boulanger; but that is another story. Young Fallières, like his father, is an advocate. He is popular in Republican Society, has had a brilliant University career, and is generally described as "a man with a future."

* * *

An Italian State Trial

The English maxim that a man shall be tried by his peers has been adopted not only by France, but also by Italy, and yet in all three countries it is applied differently. In the Nasi trial, the ex-Minister, accused of prodigality in the employment of the public money, is being tried by a Parliamentary Committee composed of Senators, and his prosecutors are another Committee composed of Deputies. This extraordinary mixture of judicial and Parliamentary functions works out in a succession of violent political tirades. The end of it, no doubt, will be that Signor Nasi's broad back will be thumped by both sides, and by the end of the trial he will slink away with his bruises hardly observed, leaving the two parties exhausted by their respective attacks on each other. To our Northern minds, the charges sound perfectly preposterous. What could a Minister have done with 67,900 visiting-cards? Of course, if, as Minister of Public Instruction, he had to return a card to every school teacher who sent him one at the New Year, the number would soon run up, and surely he may very fairly argue that this was expenditure connected with this office. The only other explanation is that he was a lunatic, and hoarded them as treasure. Another of the charges is that he paid for 219 locks! Perhaps the 219 locks were for cases in which safely to store the 67,900 visiting cards! Such trumpery details recall a not quite dissimilar case, when President Grévy's son-in-law was charged with the acts of indiscretion which resulted so disastrously for himself and the President. There was general indignation at his having franked with the Presidency stamp nearly all his private letters! For a time, this venial sin dwarfed much more serious charges, but, as in the case of Signor Nasi, it is these little things that arouse envy and jealousy in a not over discriminating public, especially when blinded by political hatred.

Photo *Topical Agency*

President Fallières as a Shot: The Chasse Presidentielle in the Forêt de Marly

The charge that Signor Nasi fled in his motor-car will probably be cleared up. But from what I have heard of Italian justice, he may have been like Victor Hugo, who once observed that if he were accused of stealing one of the towers of Notre Dame, he would take the first train to the Belgian frontier rather than submit himself to the ordeal of a jury trial in Paris.

* * *

The Progress of Toselli

If a pianist has not sufficient talent or a sufficiently strong impressario to conquer a refractory public, he will only have to follow the new method of Signor Toselli: marry an ex-Queen who prefers the "simple life" to the pomp of royalty. Signor Toselli was a nobody in his art, struggling to appear at any concert, and overjoyed at the condescending notices of local papers. He married ex-Queen Louise of Saxony, and has now been engaged at £400 a night, for one hundred concerts, in America and Germany, all expenses to be defrayed by the contractor. Will the marriage now lose its romance in the eyes of the ex-Queen, with fortune thus staring her in the face, and wealth again inflict its odious comforts on her?

On Trial in Rome

Signor Nasi, ex-Minister of Public Instruction, whose trial for alleged misappropriation of public funds has aroused such keen interest

Molière and Scenic Effects

It is a common thing to say that London is, in general, a borrower in matters dramatic from France. This may be disputed, but there is one instance at least in which Paris is unquestionably borrowing from London; that is in scenic effects. London managers gallantly withstood the sneers of critics, who held up French acting as wine that needed no such bush. Antoine has now gone a step further, and has tried the same experiment with Molière that Irving, Beerbohm Tree, and Oscar Asche have so successfully carried out with Shakespeare. The piece he has chosen for this purpose is *Tartuffe*—on the whole, a rather tiresome play, acted in the old conventional way, with one solitary *décor* and a few seats and a table. He has reproduced the architecture, a garden, a drawing-room, and a bedroom of the period, and thus given a new life to the piece. This will probably be followed by a regeneration of interest in Molière, who, like Shakespeare, not having to consider the cost of scenery, lends himself, as Antoine has just shown, to the picturesque, in a high degree.

Photos supplied *P P.A.*

A French Painter to Paint the British Queen

M. Francois Flameng, the popular Parisian portrait-painter, who has been commissioned by the King to paint the portrait of H.M. the Queen. M. Flameng is a veritable Van Dyck of to-day—so far as social popularity and high prices are concerned

DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS

Photo

Deer-stalking, which an enthusiast has described as the noblest of the wild sports that remain to Britishers at home, recently ended in but heads were disappointing, and it has been recorded as a regrettable fact that the majority of antlers, nowadays, compare two were killed on ground

THE LAST SHOT OF THE SEASON

Reid

he Highlands, the season having been fairly successful. Heavier haunches than usual were brought down on most of the best forests, unfavourably with those of thirty years ago. In some of the larger forests this year "royals" were so scarce that only one or nat yielded over sixty stags

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 105

A STAGE JESTER

By ELEANOR VICOCQ

ANTHONY LEWES pushed open the door of his study with the languid movement that tells of almost complete mental and physical exhaustion.

His home-coming, somewhere about midnight, was always the same in this respect. To make stage-going London laugh immoderately every evening from eight till eleven was sufficiently fatiguing.

The dark room, not even fire-lit, as it was summer, looked inhospitable enough he thought, with a sigh, as he switched on the electric light.

In the sudden brilliance he discovered that to-night there was someone to welcome him.

A young man sprang up from a lounge chair and came forward.

"You didn't expect to see me, did you, pater?" he said, in brisk, pleasant tones.

"Harry? 'Jove, is it you?"

The older man's thin face lost its weariness, and a smile, very unlike his well-known professional grin, illumined it.

"I've been sitting in the dark—thinking," said his son.

Lewes put his hand on the young man's shoulder, and patted him affectionately.

"It's good of you to come and cheer me up like this," he said. "How is it you can spare the time? I thought you were in Perth."

"I was—last night. But something has happened. I had to see you at once," replied Harry.

This was said with an added dignity in contrast to his evident youthfulness.

"Hullo! Been getting yourself into difficulties?" inquired his father.

"I thought I told you I wasn't going to make a fool of myself over money again."

"So you did. But you're young, you know. Never mind, what is it then, if it's not money?"

The older man produced whiskey and soda from a cupboard and arranged them invitingly on a small table.

"I've been staying with the Glenhassets," said Harry.

"So I saw in the papers."

Lewes dropped into a chair, and closed his eyes involuntarily.

A line appeared between Harry's dark eyebrows.

"Perhaps you don't care to hear about it?" he said abruptly.

"Rubbish! Of course I do," said his father, summoning his energies with an effort; "sit down and go on."

"Well, I care more about Claire Glenhasset than anyone else in the world," said Harry. He reddened under his father's scrutiny, but went on unfalteringly.

"There's nothing I hate so much as saying one's in love. I won't say that, but if the way Claire and I feel about each other is being 'in love,' we certainly are."

"I hope you understand how much I appreciate the honour of being told all this," said his father.

"Don't rot me about it, pater. I don't feel like it. It makes one feel jolly serious somehow."

"It does," admitted the older man.

His thoughts went back to the period when he was Harry's age.

"But I can't marry her, that's the drawback." Harry poured himself out a thimbleful and reached for the soda.

Lewes looked sharply at his son.

"Why not? If it's a question of income, you can easily have more."

"It isn't that. Don't think me a cad, but they—Claire's people—they don't approve of—of professionals."

Lewes sat silent, his face blank.

"It's such beastly bad luck that you had to make your fame that way, isn't it? I often wonder why you didn't go into law or something of that sort—you're such a hand at talking and keeping everybody interested."

Lewes made no answer, and Harry continued impulsively—

"You never tell me anything about yourself, but it's impossible you could have been meant to—well, to be funny, every evening, for money. Off the stage anyone would take you for a man in some decent profession. Old Glenhasset himself isn't any better style."

"It's very lowering, then—my celebrity? You don't care to have your father celebrated, I suppose?" said Lewes, looking absently at the array of signed photographs of great folk on the mantelpiece.

"I don't grudge you that—if you'd only got famous over something else. But really, you know, the professional rotter isn't much better than——"

"Than what?" inquired his father.

"Oh—I don't know. I don't want to offend you, pater, but you know I always say what I think."

"That's all right; you needn't control your frankness—a few home truths are a pleasing rarity for me."

Harry took two or three strides round the room, and then, with his hands in his pockets, confronted his father.

"It really seems to me that when you sent me to Harrow and Oxford, turned me out a fellow of good standing, and gave me enough money to live among people worth knowing, you ought to have thought how awkward my position would be for me."

"No doubt I should have," replied Lewes, slowly, his eyes on his son's alert, determined young face.

"I'm not ungrateful for all you've done for me. But at school they kept asking me, 'What's your name—Lewes? Who's your father? Oh, *Anthony* Lewes!' And after that they'd be chummy enough in term, but you wouldn't find their people asking me down for the holidays, like other fellows. I didn't say anything, but I knew why well enough. It's the same now," said Harry.

"You seem to get a good many invitations now, though," said his father.

"Yes, they don't mind having me round; but they don't want me to marry their daughters. Old Glenhasset has been no end good to me, but you should have seen his face when I told him Claire and I wanted to be engaged."

"Miss Claire doesn't share her family's golden opinions of me?" suggested Lewes.

"Claire's not the sort to let a fellow's relations make any difference to what she feels about him.

(*Continued on page 378*)

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A Forthcoming Peeress?

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ZENA DARE

Whose engagement is rumoured to the heir of a noble house, not unknown for his achievements in the world of sport and politics. Miss Dare is now appearing in *The Gay Gordons* at the Aldwych Theatre

(*Continued from page 376*)

But she doesn't hide from me that any other chap, situated as I am, wouldn't have had the ghost of a chance."

"And what do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Haven't you had enough advertisement and all that? You're getting on in years, too. You've made your pile. Why don't you retire?" said Harry.

"Retire?" repeated his father, blankly.

"I wish you would. You might travel for a year or so, and get out of touch with the professionals here. In that case, Claire and I would have no difficulty. People would soon forget who you were. They say nothing goes off so quickly as the celebrity of actors once they're off the boards."

"Yes—my celebrity would go soon enough," said Lewes, with sudden fervour—"the work of years would be forgotten, the highest rung of the ladder given up to the next comer. Easy enough. You and Claire would be married. It is very simple."

"I don't mean to be selfish," said Harry, with a puzzled look, "but, surely, it must take it out of you to make an ass of yourself every night. Wouldn't you be thankful to drop it?"

His father made no reply.

. . . . .

A week later found the celebrated low-comedy actor spending his summer vacation in the Highlands.

The little village he had selected consisted of a few grey cottages at the foot of a castle-crowned hill-top, where the lairds of Glenhasset had for centuries ruled in semi-feudal state.

The day after his arrival Lewes walked up to the Castle from the farm he lodged at.

When the great mediæval doors were opened, he asked if Miss Glenhasset were at home.

She was at home, but, it was thought, not able to see anyone that afternoon.

"I've no card with me. Say Mr. Lewes would like to see her, if possible."

Something in the actor's appearance impressed the man who ushered him in without more ado.

Later, the drawing-room door opened, and a slight, fair girl swept in with a flutter of white skirts.

"Harry! Harry!—oh!——"

The little cry of delight died away—the quick movement was checked.

"Not Harry—but Harry's father," said Lewes, bowing.

The girl stood irresolute. She had a drooping grace, enhanced by a soft, shining, white dress, the short sleeves revealing slim, bare arms. Long-lashed blue eyes met his hesitatingly. It was only natural that Harry should find no room in his thoughts for anything else but this girl, reflected his father, as he watched her.

"You wanted to see me," she said, with a touch of hauteur in her tone.

"Yes. First, let me remind you that I have not come as 'Tony Lewes,' of whose performance at the 'Olympic' you have probably often heard, but in the private character of Harry's father."

She gave him a look which seemed to decide in his favour.

"I didn't know—you, you're not——" she paused, blushing.

"Not what you expected? If Anthony Lewes is not quite the sort of person you care to meet, there's no reason why Harry's father should be like that, is there?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lewes. Do sit down. I'm all alone, as it happens; the others went to a garden-party, but I had a headache."

"Thank you. Harry has just told me of his scheme for my retirement. You approve of it, I hear," said Lewes.

"It's not for myself," she began, "but my father, you know, is rather old-fashioned. I don't want family quarrels——and Harry said you would be glad of the opportunity——"

"When I was Harry's age I was at Sandhurst," said Lewes.

"Sandhurst?"

"Yes. And there I should have stayed if it hadn't been for someone. Well—you see, like Harry, there was a girl in the case."

"Ah, then you can understand," said Claire, softly.

"Yes, I understand," he repeated, but she noticed that his eyes looked past her with an abstraction which suggested that he was oblivious of the present as he told her his romance.

He was an extraordinary man, certainly, but as different from the mirth-provoking buffoon of the illustrated papers as her own father.

"I left Sandhurst and went on the variety stage. I had always had a gift for that sort of thing, and it seemed the only way to make money quickly. My first two or three hits justified my hopes—but when I had sufficient income they wouldn't let her marry me because of the profession I had chosen."

He absently brushed some scattered rose-leaves from the mantelshelf, against which he was leaning.

"So we took the law into our own hands," he said, as the red petals fluttered down. "Don't think I'm advising you to make a runaway marriage—but in my case it was entirely successful."

He paused, fresh lines appearing on his worn face.

"After two years—she left me alone with Harry. She was always delicate, and, of course, she felt the estrangement from her own people. Her greatest wish was that Harry should grow up one of her own sort; so I sent him to a public school and the 'Varsity; and he got his present appointment through his Oxford friends. I was making money and could afford it. I've done my best to keep him out of the theatrical atmosphere—it was what his mother always desired."

"Yes," said Claire.

"And now his career is spoilt by my reputation. To marry you would be the making of him; but I am in the way."

"No," she began.

"Yes," he interrupted. "I confess that at first retirement seemed almost impossible, my work is such an essential thing to me. It used to be detestable enough—now I *must* do it. I don't want leisure to sit and brood——"

Claire sat silent.

"But, of course, after thinking it over, I see that it is inevitable. Harry is right. The sooner I drop my undesirable profession the better. He has the right to have nothing in common with the stage jester who happened to be his mother's husband. I will make a little addition to his present income, and when his father has no longer any connection with the stage, I trust Lord Glenhasset will have no further objections to him."

Lewes walked away from the fireplace, and picked up his hat from a chair.

"I took rather a liberty in demanding an interview with you like this, Miss Glenhasset. Perhaps you will excuse me if I tell you that I thought I should like to see you for the first—and last—time."

"The *last* time!" repeated Claire.

"Yes. After my retirement, I shall go abroad—as Harry suggests. It is the best way to court obscurity."

(*Continued on page 380*)

Great Expectations

AN ARDENT YOUNG SPORTSWOMAN ON A SCOTTISH TROUT STREAM

(Continued from page 378)

He held out his hand and took hers.

"So it only remains for me to thank you for the honour you will do my son by marrying him. He isn't a bad boy, I admit—only a little opinionated. I hope he realises how fortunate he is."

His face brightened as he looked down at her.

"He doesn't realise anything — but his own importance," said Claire, under her breath.

. . . . . .

The next day Harry came down to stay with his father, the agreeable proximity of Glenhasset Castle making the visit doubly inviting.

Having arrived unexpectedly, he started to walk the three miles from the station, and his spirits raced upwards as, coming round a corner, he espied a smart dog-cart driven by an erect young woman in tweeds.

The certainty that it was Claire made him forget the dignity of twenty-three, and run up the steep lane, reaching the trap flushed and breathless.

"How hot and 'citified' you look, Harry," said Claire, as she checked the mare.

"Well, this *is* luck!" panted Harry. "Did you know I was coming?"

"I naturally supposed you would be coming down to see your father," she said, as he climbed in.

"Of course—but it's *you* I really wanted to see."

"Don't—I detest being embraced in a trap—it looks so stagey."

She jerked his arm away, and the mare started off at her fastest trot.

"You're somewhat disagreeable," observed Harry.

"Don't be pompous; it's ridiculous for a mere babe with long legs and bad manners like you to pose as a budding great man."

Harry stared at her in bewilderment.

"Why don't you talk sense, Claire? What the dickens is the matter with you?" he demanded.

"It is such a pity you should have—connections in the background," said Claire, reflectively.

"What?"

"I saw your father yesterday."

Harry coloured.

"Well, he looks better off the stage than you'd expect. You'll admit that?" he said.

"He looks as if he had seen better days," remarked Claire.

"Claire! Hang it all! the pater's profession mayn't be very eligible, but I didn't mean you to get the idea that he wasn't a gentleman in himself."

"I expected someone quite shady. You always gave me the impression of being ashamed of him——"

"Ashamed! Upon my word, Claire, you've got mixed. It's always been a trial for me his being what he is; but a man isn't ashamed of his father unless he's a criminal, for instance!"

Claire laughed and flicked her whip over the mare.

"I thought we were going to have such a ripping time alone for once; you needn't be ratty, and spoil it all," said Harry, disconsolately.

"I'm only amused. I suppose you inherit it from your father. You can't help being humorous. Isn't he considered the funniest man living?"

"After all, Claire, it's me, and not my father, you're going to marry," protested Harry.

"Am I?" said Claire.

"What? You're not treating me fairly; I can't make out what you're driving at——"

Harry's perplexed grey eyes gazed at her resolute profile as the trap swept round a corner at an alarming speed.

"You're the most disgustingly selfish person I ever met," said Claire suddenly.

"What do you mean?"

"You say you aren't ashamed of your father; then why do you look down on him and do your best to get him out of your way? Of course, such an aristocratic person as you mustn't have any disreputable connections."

"Disreputable! Good Heavens! What's disreputable, I should like to know?"

Harry's wrath was unconcealed.

"Every night for years your father has forced himself to be grotesquely funny to amuse the public, so that you could have every advantage and live at your ease. I suppose you think it's quite pleasant for him to do it?—no effort whatever?"

"Why he simply walks on and reels it out. It's true if I'm there I never can help roaring the whole time—that's just what I object to; you don't want to laugh at your own father," said Harry.

"And afterwards," said Claire, "he goes home with every nerve strained—worn out; while you're playing the man of means——"

"Steady on, Claire!" interrupted Harry. "I don't deny the pater has done a lot for me; but you're talking exaggerated rot."

"You only think of yourself and your concerns. You seem to forget that he might have had *his* troubles." Claire's voice faltered.

A sudden consternation filled Harry's face.

"I declare you're crying—you *have* succeeded in making things beastly!" he remarked.

"Well, he's going to retire. Deliberately to efface himself on your account—but not on mine. My father has met him now. He says he hopes he knows a gentleman when he sees him; there is no reason why I shouldn't marry a gentleman's son. But I have had a lesson; you're too self-centred, Harry. Any illusions I've cherished have vanished——"

"You mean you're going to chuck me?" said Harry.

He used slang, but his tone was not casual.

Claire made a gesture of assent.

Harry hastily took the reins and restrained the mare, who objected to her unusual treatment this afternoon.

"I believe you're right—I *am* too keen on myself. And I've been a thankless wretch—to pater. It's all true enough." His voice shook.

Claire stole an alarmed glance at his face; its habitual ruddy cheerfulness was transformed.

"I suppose I must pay up somehow—it's what I deserve. Thank you for the lift, I'll get down now; do you mind taking the reins?"

He brought the mare to a standstill with a clatter of hoofs. Someone was walking slowly towards the trap along the dusty high road.

"Hullo! there's pater. I—I'm going to tell him what you've been saying—and that I think it all true. Good-bye," he said, jerking himself off the step.

"How tremendously dignified you look!" Claire called unsteadily after him, as he strode up the road.

"And—Harry! I—I take back what I said—some of it."

Harry swung round.

"Claire!"

"Come and see us when your father can spare you," she commanded, as she turned the trap and swept off homewards.

"Thanks—I'll come round after dinner," said Harry.

His eyes followed her for a moment; then he resolutely turned and hurried forward to meet his father, who stood watching his son in amused perplexity.

ELEANOR VICOCQ.

A Few Readers in the Dominion

On the Shores of Okanagan Lake

The sender, Mr. R. Leckie Ewing, Okanagan Landing, British Columbia, says:—"This picture was taken on the shores of the Okanagan Lake, where we fruit farmers look forward to the coming of the mail-boat bearing the copies of The Bystander"

From a Far-away Corner of British Columbia

Sent by Miss E. Richardson, Meldrum Creek Ranch, P.O., Soda Creek, British Columbia

Welcome Arrivals

The sender, Mrs. H. P. Lane-Bayliff, Chilancoh Ranch, Chilcotin, B.C., writes:—"This photo was taken while I was on a hunting trip with my little son in the Chilcotin country, a part which has hitherto only been visited by one white man, a surveyor, some years ago. The mail which brought The Bystander had come 300 miles by stage and horse"

A Quiet Read While the Kettle Boils

During the heat of the summer months, all the ranchers who are fortunate enough to live near any of the great lakes or rivers are glad to go a'camping, and many are the wonders of culinary art performed by "the Missus" over the open-air camp stove. Sent by Mr. R. Leckie Ewing, Okanagan Landing, British Columbia

A Reader in the C.P.R. Camp, Ontario

A photograph taken at 10.15 p.m. in one of the C.P.R. engineering camps in Northern Ontario. In the foreground is the stove, by means of which some effort is made to keep out the temperature between the thin canvas walls of the tent

On the Shores of the Bay of Fundy

The sender, Capt. F. C. Turner, Hallo Harbour, King's County, Nova Scotia, with his party, is enjoying the paper while waiting for the tide to rise before starting on a day's pollack fishing. The lady on the left is Mrs. Turner, who can haul in her 21 lb. pollack, and is as good a "fisherman" as the oilskin-clad sea-dogs who complete the crew

ROUND THE TOWN

At the New Gallery

It is a dull affair, the exhibition that has been opened at the New Gallery by the Society of Portrait Painters. One's prevailing impression, after going through the rooms, is a perpetual wonder as to why on earth the owners of at least half of the pictures allowed them to be exhibited. There are a few good portraits. Mr. Lavery has painted Lady Norah Brassey again, and rendered her, in his inimitable manner, more charming than ever. Mr. Greiffenhagen's picture of Miss Dorothy Luther is restful to look upon, and a great relief after the unending stereotyped busts of Society ladies in evening dress, which form the subject of about every fourth or fifth picture. A beautifully painted full-length portrait of Mme. Gabriele d'Annunzio is interesting rather as a subject than as a picture. In the same room is the most striking painting in the Exhibition. It is a portrait of Mr. Hugh Lane by Signor Mancini, and it has more life in it, and more truth, than all the other pictures put together. Close to, it is an astounding conglomeration of paint, dashed on apparently haphazard. At the proper distance, the tremendous reality of all the stuffs and objects which fill the background render the subject almost insignificant. But the flowers gleam out like jewels, the silk shines, the marble is satin smooth. It is a refreshing bit of audacity.

* * *

A Rather Nice Autumn Season

The coming and going of quite a number of kings and queens, the fact that most shoots are in an unsatisfactory condition this year, and the numerous appearances of King Sol, have all conduced to an exceptionally nice autumn season. Dull moments have been few and far between, though social events have been confined to the inevitable theatre parties and restaurant dinners of which we seem never to tire. Big houses remain closed, but that is no deterrent to the carrying out of the social duties of their owners. Lunching (on food and drink quite ambrosial in its excellence, by the way) at the Hyde Park Hotel the other day, I gathered that the fine ball and reception-rooms which are a notable feature of that much-favoured hotel are booked-up for dances, and weddings, and parties right up to Christmas, and after. For the hotel-habit increases daily, and small wonder. The entertaining of some thirty or forty people in one's own home involves household disorganisation and personal discomfort, even in the largest establishments. At a place like the Hyde Park Hotel, one signs a cheque and the deed is done.

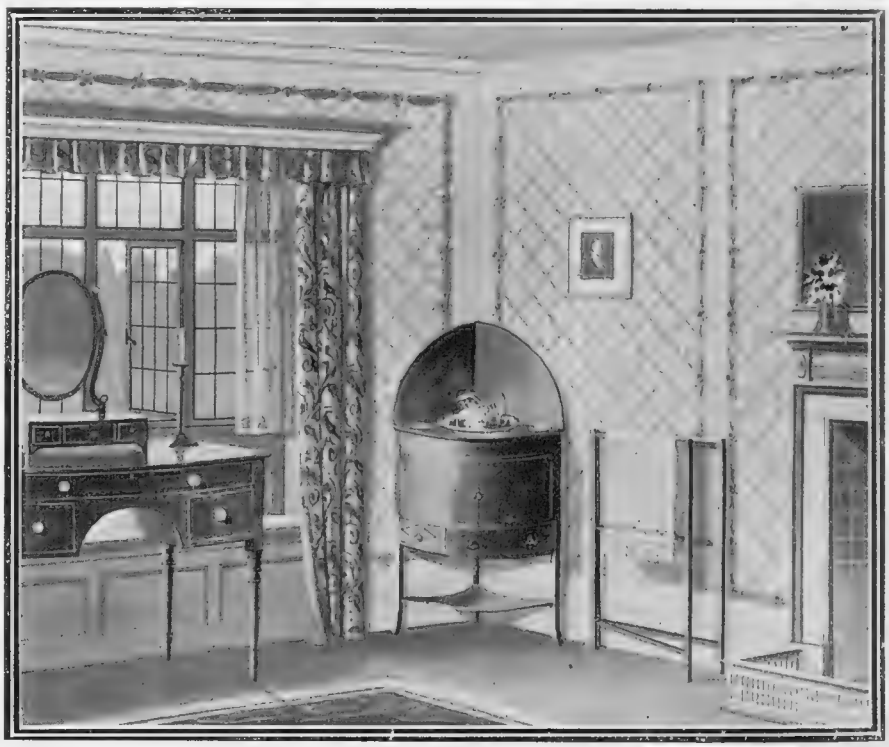
* * *

The Progress of the "Divine Sarah"

It was a sight for the gods, or any mortal on the spot, to see the "divine Sarah" going *en grande dame* from the Carlton to "His Majesty's" on Saturday week. Her dinner was bolted. "*Vite, vite*, it is rude to be late; we must be there before the curtain rises." Consequently, in lots of time, Sarah sallied forth, clad in white satin gown and draperies and furs, preceded by one of her "valets," and supported, metaphorically and literally, by a man with a mass of black curly hair, carrying his hat in his hand, and followed by two ladies and two men. They made their way on foot. The Royal entrance was used. Wild excitement. "Who is coming?" The onlookers at her approach doff their hats or bow low. "Who is it? Let me see; *I* don't know." She passes on in her regal manner; two more "valets" receive her, and her party, with much *empressement*, are handed into the Royal box.

The Charm of the Old-Fashioned

The charm of a room furnished in an old-fashioned style is frequently spoilt by the lack of harmony in the curtains and coverings. To remedy this, the well-known artistic firm of Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, are now offering "Old-Fashioned Fabrics," being careful reproductions from the best examples of Early English fabrics in printed linens and cretonnes. These will come as a boon to those who have formerly had difficulty in getting materials to go with their furniture. This firm is also making a speciality of reproductions of Old English earthenware, and their toilet-ware designs, in delicacy of colour and simplicity of outline, accord charmingly with the simplicity of modern furniture design.



The Charm of the Antique: A corner of a bedroom furnished in the "old-fashioned" style
The apartment is decorated with Heal's reproductions of old-English embroideries, the corner washstand being fitted with an example of this firm's old-fashioned ware, from Spode, Wedgewood, and Mason designs

Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

The Latest Photograph of Miss Gabrielle Ray, now playing Frou-Frou in "The Merry Widow" at Daly's Theatre

BY FIELD, STREAM, AND COVERT

The Opening Meet of the Hampshire Hunt at Chawton House, near Alton: Waiting at the Covert at Berryhill

The Late Lord Chesham

Sadness and grief reigned in the Midland hunting district when the news of Lord Chesham's death (to which brief allusion was made in these pages last week) became generally known, for there was no more popular man in Buckinghamshire and the neighbouring counties. To Pytchley and to Bicester men the fatality came as a great shock, as he had been for more than twenty years their constant companion in the field, and he frequently rode, too, with the Grafton, Warwickshire, Old Berkeley (West), and other packs. Lord Chesham was a heavy man, and it is possible that the black hunting-cap which he wore proved more harmful than good when he was pitched on to his head. This is not the first time that a hunting man has had his neck broken as the result of a fall while wearing a hard hunting-cap, which by many people is considered likely, in the event of a fall, to afford protection for the scalp at the expense of the neck. This, no doubt, is the reason why the silk topper has become the general wear in the well-dressed hunting field, the velvet cap usually being confined to the Master and hunt officials. Lord Chesham, as an ex-M.F.H. and a Deputy-Master of the Pytchley, always kept, it would seem, to the cap. The unusually blind state of the country, no doubt, had something to do with the fatal accident, as the ditch into which Lord Chesham's horse blundered was almost invisible owing to being choked with leaves and rank undergrowth, and, this being so, it was a perfect death-trap for the unwary.

Mr. W. J. Yorke Scarlett
The Master of the Craven, leading the field to Wickham Heath at the opening meet

A Keen Sportsman and Gallant Soldier

During the past forty years, the Bicester Hounds have been fortunate in possessing such excellent Masters as Lord North, the late Sir Algernon Peyton, Viscount Valentia, Lord Chesham, Lord Cottenham, and Mr. J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale. None did more to improve the pack than the deceased sportsman, who believed greatly in the value of the

Photos] The Opening Meet of the Craven Hounds at the Kennels at Kintbury *[Dixon*

First Run of the Season With the Craven

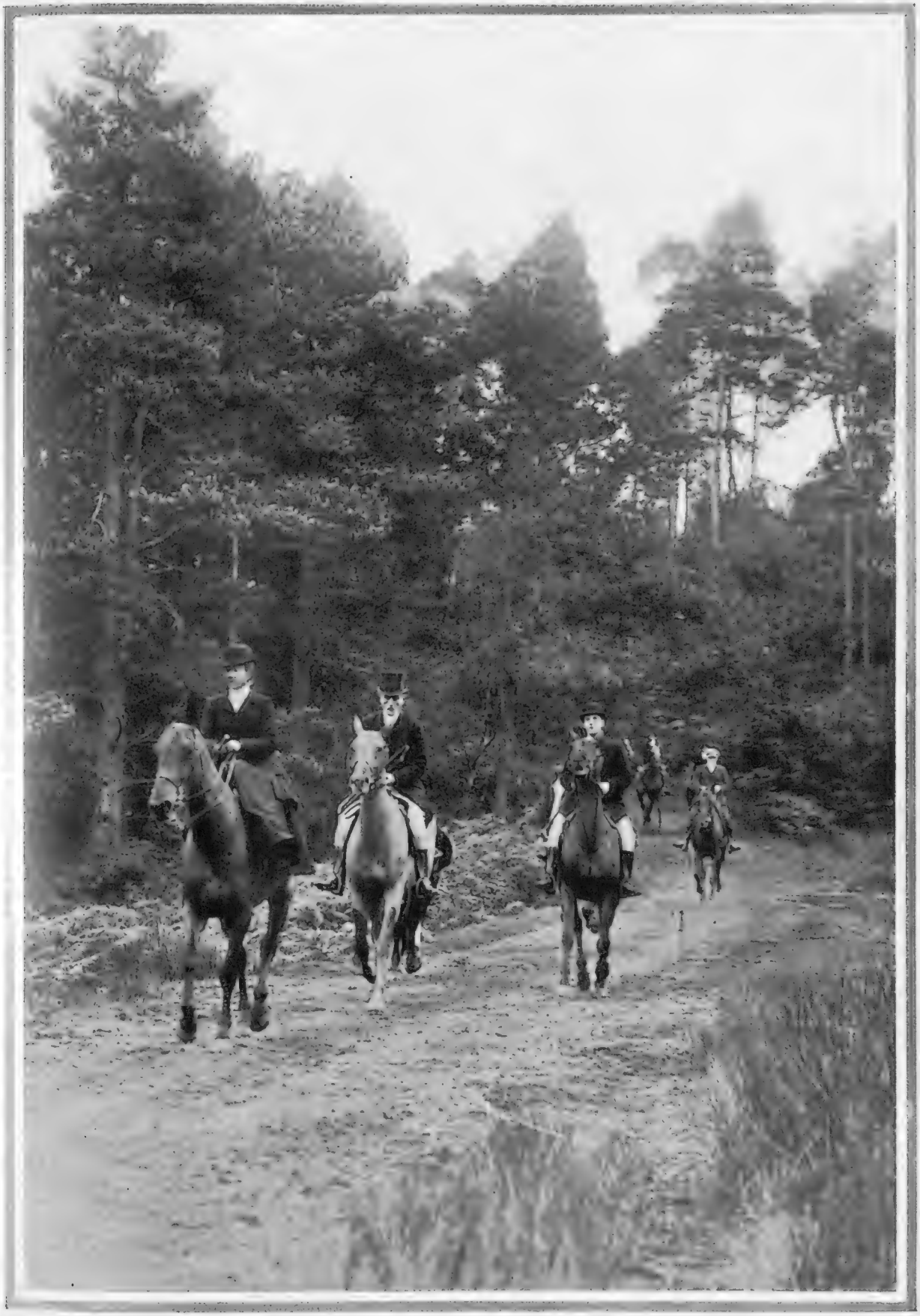


Photo *Dixon*

RIDING THROUGH SLOE WOOD TO GET A GOOD START WITH HOUNDS

blood developed by Lord Henry Bentinck, and afterwards by Mr. Henry Chaplin, in the Burton and Blankney countries, and he lost no opportunity of buying hounds of this strain. Trained in his youth with such regiments as the Coldstream Guards, the 10th Hussars, and the 16th Lancers, Lord Chesham was the right man to take in hand the task of preparing the Yeomanry for active service during the war in South Africa. The value of his influence and hard work in this direction was incalculable, and was recognised by the authorities when he was appointed Inspector-General of Imperial Yeomanry. He sustained a deep loss during the war by the death of his eldest son, who was killed in action. Lord Chesham was a happy example of the soldier-sportsman who may always be relied upon to come to the front in the time of the nation's need. It has been recorded that he was Master of the Royal Buckhounds, but his absence in South Africa prevented him from ever actively filling that position. By the time Lord Chesham had returned from the war the entire stag-hunting establishment had been broken up. The deepest sympathy will go out to Lady Chesham, who, in such sad circumstances, has lost a son, a daughter (killed in a riding accident), and her husband, during the past few years.

Recent Sport with Hounds

Foggy November days have not been suitable for sport during the past fortnight, and up to the time of writing there had been no night-frosts to strip the hedges of their leaves, the country being dangerously blind in some places. Thus there have been a plentiful crop of accidents, among the victims being Earl Manvers, who was rather badly hurt while hunting with the Rufford soon after the opening of the season. Mr. Fernie has not yet fully recovered from the effects of the bad fall he took during cub-hunting, but his hounds are doing well under Arthur Thatcher, their gallop from Bolt Wood into the cream of the Cottesmore country on the 9th inst. being the best performance in the Shires during the present season so far as it has progressed. The Grafton are doing well under Mr. McNeill, and opened the season last week. A Towcester correspondent sends me the following note :—

The Grafton had a real good gallop on the 4th inst —a seven-mile point, and ten miles as hounds ran. The first part was very fast, and over a stiff line of country,

The New Master of the Ludlow Hounds

Mr. F. R. Milbank, the son of Sir Powlett Milbank, recently succeeded Sir William Curtis as the Ludlow M.F.H.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Earl Manvers, Master of the Rufford

Who sustained a bad accident while hunting last week, but is recovering satisfactorily from his injuries

and owing to the blindness of the fences there were a good many falls. Mrs. Cartwright was one of those who saw the whole run well. She is a beautiful horsewoman, and always near hounds, and does wonders with a difficult mount.

From the North Country some good runs are reported, notably a very fine hunt of over two hours with the Bedale Hounds, who hunted a fox from Lingy Moor into the Marquis of Zetland's country, and killed him, another good run of seventy-five minutes following.

A Successful Amateur Huntsman

The young sportsman who aspires to the Mastership of a fox-hunting country is usually ambitious as well to hunt the hounds himself. But when he does take the job on, he more often than not finds that the work is not so easy as he believed it to be. In brief, there are very few amateur huntsmen of whom it can be said that they are good enough to rank with the professionals. Mr. Frederick Milbank, the son of Sir Powlett Milbank, of Norton Manor, Presteign, is one of these few. With the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire Hounds he showed a natural aptitude for hunting hounds and exceptional ability in doubling the positions of Master and huntsman. It was a great compliment to him when the members of the Ludlow Hunt invited him to take the place of their M.F.H. of twenty years' standing, Sir William Curtis, who retired at the end of last season. Something akin to dismay was spread among the Radnorshire people when Mr. Milbank accepted the command of the more important country, for he had shown them excellent sport, was most popular, and was looked upon as likely to remain many seasons because of his home connections. However, he has taken their best wishes with him into the Ludlow country, and those who have marked his quickness and resource and cleverness with hounds, do not doubt that he will prove as successful with his new pack as he was with his old.

A. W. C.

"The Hunting Annual"

One of the most handy publications appealing to followers of hounds is "The Hunting Annual," compiled by Messrs. Walter M. May and Arthur W. Coaten, which this year has made its appearance in an enlarged and improved form. Besides providing a diary for the hunting months, it gives much information of value to those who ride to hounds. The book is published by Messrs. Love and Malcomson, 4 and 5, Dean Street, High Holborn, W.C., at one shilling.

OUT WITH TWO SMART PACKS

2. *Photos* *Dixon and Topical Agency*

1. With the Tipperary Hounds: Forrard Away!

2. The Rufford Hounds at Thoresby Park: Coming up the Beech Avenue after a good run

In front are riding Capt. Amory, Lord Manvers, the Master, who was severely injured in a fall just after this photograph was taken, Ladies Cicely, Sybil, and Alice Pierrepont, Lord Manvers' daughters. Just behind is riding Mrs. Armstrong

Golf Notes and Notions

Oxford Univers ty v. Woking
Mr. Stuart Paton, who played for Woking

Mr. C. C. Lingen

Last week I was writing about old Tom, the Nestor of the game, who, in extreme old age, is happily still with us. This week it is my sorrowful task to chronicle the untimely decease of Mr. C. C. Lingen, one of the most promising players of the younger division. His early death has come as a sad shock to those who, like myself, saw him at the Amateur Championship this year at St. Andrews, apparently full of life and health. But the fell disease which has carried him off in the full tide of early manhood must have even then marked him for its own, for his play then showed none of the confidence and precision which had carried him so far and so high the year before. This year he fell out as soon as the third round, while the year before, as all will remember, he covered himself and his club with glory by winning through to the final, when he was defeated, after a tough struggle in the second round, by Mr. Robb.

His Championship Play

I have been looking with melancholy interest at my account of his play in last year's Amateur Championship at Hoylake. This, together with a fine photograph of him in the act of driving, appeared in The Bystander of June 6, 1906. I may, perhaps, be pardoned for quoting what I then wrote: "Mr. Lingen's best game was played against Mr de Zoete in the first tie on the Monday. I was then most favourably impressed with his resolute, business-like, and finished style. . . He has the regular modern right-leg style, gets down very low to his ball, and drives a long very low ball with lots of run on it. . . Mr. Lingen did not do himself justice in the final, but one must make allowance for the strain of a week's hard play, and for the fact that one of his hands, the left, was very sore." Little did I dream when writing these lines about one in the first flush of early manhood, who had played a series of difficult and arduous matches in consummate style, and who looked the embodiment of hardiness, health, and strength, that within eighteen months I should be called to the mournful duty of recording his untimely death. His has been but a short career, but, short as it was, he gave conclusive evidence during it that he had the makings of a great player. I do not know where he learnt his golf, but I imagine that the finishing touches to his style were put in at Sunningdale, where he played most of his golf.

Mr. S. W. Strathairn (Oxford)
Playing from a bunker half filled with water

A Great Loss

I cannot say how deeply his loss has grieved me, for though my acquaintanceship with him was but a brief one, made during the tournament at Hoylake last year, yet it was long enough to give me a most charming impression of a frank, buoyant, and singularly manly nature. He always seemed cheery and good-tempered, even during the reverses which befell him in the final match, and he struck me as possessing an eminently suitable temperament for the game, one that would meet good or ill-fortune with a smiling mien. His loss is a great blow to the younger division of players, and more particularly to the Sunningdale Club. I feel sure that if he had been spared he would have added many more laurels to the goodly wreath which he had so early collected. Alas, his earthly game has been played out all too soon, and all that remains to us is to cherish the memory of a singularly attractive and sunny individuality, and to bear in mind the fine performances which shed lustre on his all too brief career. I humbly lay this small tribute of appreciation on his grave, and tender my heartfelt sympathy to his family and friends on their grievous loss. Ernest Lehmann.

Oxford University v. Woking

Considering that the Dark Blue golfers had not won a match since early in March last year, their win over Woking must have come rather as a surprise to them. The Oxford men seized their opportunities nobly, and won by 6½ matches to 3½. Lord Maidstone, who played top for the University, did a really good performance in defeating V. A. Pollock by 2 and 1, for the latter has had so many victories this year that he was becoming quite invincible. Oxford has another excellent golfer in D. E. Landale, who looks very likely to get his Blue; he defeated Ernley Blackwell, no mean achievement. R. K. Winter, the Hon. C. N. Bruce, J. M. Challinor, and C. H. Gidney also won their games.

La Boulie

La Boulie, the golf course of the Société de Golf de Paris, where the Open Champion, Arnaud Massey, is the professional, is one of the most charming spots on which golf is played on the Continent. A mile and a half from Versailles, the course runs down a charming valley, with woods on all sides. The golf is of really good quality, and he who would beat 80 on it must not only be a fine player, but be playing his best. Indeed, no expense has been allowed to stand in the way of making La Boulie worthy of its championship honours, and its greens, relaid on eighteen inches of sand, might well deceive even the expert into imagining that he was on a seaside links.

Photos *Dixon*
A Fine Recovery by Mr. M. K Mackenzie (Oxford)
Oxford won their contest against the Woking Club by 6½ matches to 3½

France's Premier Golf Club

SCENES ON THE COURSE AT LA BOULIE

M. Pellerin, the Swedish Consul-General, Putting

The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, Driving

Mr. Ovey, Secretary to the British Embassy at Paris

The Clubhouse at La Boulie, near Versailles

The La Boulie, the course of the Société de Golf de Paris, at which Arnaud Massey, this year's Open Champion, is the professional, is situated about 1½ miles from Versailles, and is one of the most charming spots on which golf is played on the Continent. It is the most fashionable and exclusive club in France, and among its regular players are many members of the Corps Diplomatique

Mr. Mason, the United States Consul-General

M. Pierre Deschamp, the President of the Club (on the right), and Mme. Alphonse de Rothschild

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books of the Week

"Lord of the World." By Father Hugh Benson. (Pitman: 6s.)

"Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna." By An English Officer. (Long: 12s. net.)

"The Record of an Aeronaut." By Gertrude Bacon. (John Long: 16s. net.)

The Decline of the British Novel

An eminent German critic, Dr. Richard Wulker, discusses, in his newly published *History of English Literature*, the modern English novel. Briefly, Dr. Wulker concludes that the English novel no longer maintains its position and sovereign power; that the art of story-telling has made but little progress lately; that German novels are far more interesting, more vigorous, and more brilliant, than those of English novelists. In explanation of the decline, the learned Professor suggests that the "Imperialist movement" is at fault. British energies are absorbed in "political and economic struggles." It is certainly true that to write a novel is no longer regarded by your clever man as an ideal pinnacle of fame. On the contrary, not to have pressed oneself between boards and priced oneself six shillings, is to convict oneself of what German journalists would call "abnormal inclinations." To have published a novel is not, in our day, regarded as a sufficient proof of exceptional talent; hence, the average man of ambiton, and perhaps of genius, is indisposed to make it the Alpha and Omega of his art. As a means of attracting attention, the novel is, perhaps, as good a passport to popularity as any other—it is not an end in itself. If one has a certain view of politics, or society, or religion, or morality to propound, the novel is considered quite a desirable medium. A number of the novels which have really stood out of late years have been notable not as art, but as propaganda. Look at the scores of novels written to "draw attention" to this or that—to the disabilities of marriage, to theories of sociology, of religion, of politics. The novelist of to-day is eternally shouting something at you—about your Empire, or your Government, or your posterity, your faith, your morals, even your anatomy. Plain tales, therefore, are not told much to-day, not because of our inability, as a nation, to tell them, but because of our preoccupation in the enormously nobler task of trying to improve each other. There will, of course, be a reaction: we shall get tired of the problem of Ourselves. Then, the demand to be told a story will reappear; and English literature will again, I doubt not, take the lead, with new Richardsons, Goldsmiths, Sternes, Scotts, Lyttons, Dickenses, and Eliots.

Photo *Abbott, Lindfield*

Father Hugh Benson

Whose *Lord of the World* (Pitman: 6s.)—a novel of prophetic purpose—is likely to cause a good deal of heated discussion in religious and philoscphical circles

A Priestly Paradoxist

Beaten on his own ground, will Mr. Bernard Shaw now take a back seat? Religion's arch-paradox has been propounded—by a Catholic priest. The two opposing forces in the world of the future will be, if you please, God against Good. The *raison d'être* of the Wrath to Come will be that the world has grown righteous. Satan, beaten in his various campaigns, has yet one card up his sleeve. He can take up the pose of probity! He can capture the hearts of men by the simple process of running a Messiah of his own. Run Socialism, Communism, and the rest of current Utopian schemes, to their ultimate issue — unity of the world from China to Peru in a Universal Brotherhood. Then, select a devil of noble mien, with a magnetic presence and a silver tongue; let him make an oratorical tour, and so electrify humanity as to be appointed President of Europe. From that proud eminence, what easier than to stamp out the smouldering remains of Christianity, and so proclaim the world's independence of God? Such, briefly, is the trend of *Lord of the World* (Pitman: 6s.), Father Benson's new novel. One hundred years hence, he prophesies, there will be, in the Western world, but two religious camps — Catholicism and Humanitarianism—and that these two will be in fierce opposition.

The War of God Against Good

Humanitarianism will have conquered the world; all the States will be federated; Universal Brotherhood will obtain. The only vestige of Christianity will be the Catholic Faith, which will remain, as of yore, with Rome as its headquarters. The leader of the Humanitarians will be one Julian Felsenburgh, preacher of the Brotherhood of Man, a ubiquitous personage, who, on a swift "volor" (airship), passes from one country to another and electrifies all who hear his oratory. The cause of the final war with Rome is: Felsenburgh (as President of Europe) has superimposed on Humanitarianism the principle of worship, on the ground that mankind requires "some corporate profession of what all now believed." Instead of the Persons of the Trinity, the Virgin, the Saints, etc., etc., will be worshipped abstract principles —Maternity, Life, Sustenance, and Paternity. Rome, seeing its final bread taken out of its mouth by this rivalry on its own ground, attempts a revenge by means of a new Order. But Felsenburgh is too powerful; he sends a fleet of "volors" and destroys Rome, driving the Pope and his *entourage* into Palestine. Thus, the world is conquered for Humanitarianism. But there yet remains the Divine Power. The forces of Nature can yet be put into motion. Therefore, the moment of man's triumph is the signal for the destruction of the

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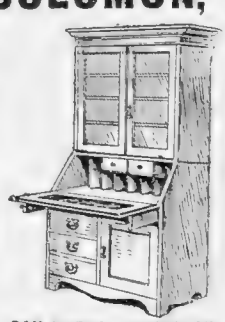

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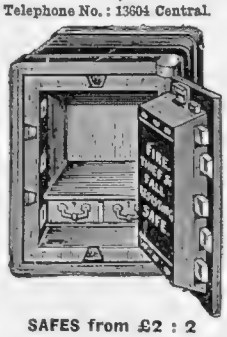

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world by fire—which is acclaimed as "Victory" for the Almighty. I have read the book with great delight, but am somewhat curious as to the view of it likely to be held in Catholic circles. True, the author states that his story is "pure sensation." But need he have stated the Enemy's case quite so convincingly? The case *for* Humanitarianism is wonderfully appealing. The idea of God *resenting* the spread of Brotherhood, and, incidentally, of peace and happiness, because, forsooth, it has not been enacted by his own emissaries (*i.e.* the Church of Rome), is a view of the Divine attitude likely considerably to encourage the scoffer. If Satan's latest pose is to do good, and if Satan succeeds in doing it, then the average man will be disposed to think there is a good deal to be said for Satan. But one scarcely expected it to be said by a priest of the Catholic Church, even in a "sensational" novel.

A New Novelist

In Mr. Joseph Prague we have to reckon with a promising essayist in the romantic style of fiction associated with Mr. Stanley Weyman. Mr. Prague has selected, for *The Abductors* (Greening: 6*s.*), an original *locale*—Austria, between the whiles of the Napoleonic wars. His hero is a young Scotsman, who has had the original notion of seeking his fortune, not in London, or Paris, or America, or the Indies, but, of all places, in Vienna! If he fails to find fortune, he finds a great deal of adventure. Mr. Prague writes with taste and grace; as his opening chapters foreshadow a narrative somewhat more subtle than actually follows, perhaps it is as well to assure the reader in advance that the story is one of action and sensation rather than a study of life and character.

Small Political Change

The *Pocket Full of Sixpences* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), with which the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell has just appeared in the literary crowd, is well worth the attention of the pick-pocket in search of the small change of political reminiscence. Mr. Russell can be called a *causeur*—that is, his pen chats rather than writes. But, unlike most *causeurs*, his chat is made up of somethings rather than nothings. Between the lines of his essays, one gathers that Mr. Russell has been a Liberal with more than the average critical bump. He dared to see Gladstone as a mere human being rather than a demi-god. And yet Mr. Russell, in the foreign politics of the 'nineties, proved himself more G.O.M. than the G.O.M. in his passionate advocacy of a Forward Policy against Abdul, or whoever might be massacring at the moment. He is not going back to Parliament. A pity. A disliker of Socialism, he might have attracted so much interest as President of a Liberal Backward group.

Photo *Thomson*

A Popular Californian Author

Miss Gertrude Atherton, whose new novel, "Ancestors" (6*s.*), is now published by Mr. Murray

"The House Prefect": An Explanation

It seems that I did Mr. Desmond Coke an unwitting injustice in my recent reference to his excellent school story, *The House Prefect* (Hodder: 6*s.*). In referring to the "Seftonians" about whom he writes, I spoke of "their cant about public-school spirit" where I should have made it clear that the "cant" was almost entirely on the part of the Head, who was derided by the school for that very failing. Though the heroes of the story are, I still think, in their actions, abnormally sensitive to the dictates of school honour, it is only fair to Mr. Coke to absolve them from any charge of "cant" in connection with it. I take the opportunity of recording my keen personal enjoyment of the story, which is one of the cleverest and most interesting books of the kind lately published.

A Famous Aeronaut's Life

Probably no cleric ever lived who could more accurately be called a "high Churchman" than the late Rev. J. M. Bacon, the aeronaut. Mr. Bacon was one of the few aeronauts who risked his life exclusively in the interests of science, and has, himself, recorded his impressions overhead in many books and articles. As if to give us a bird's-eye view of a man who spent so much of his life taking bird's-eye views of others, his daughter and fellow aeronaut, Miss Gertrude Bacon, has just issued his life, *The Record of an Aeronaut* (Long: 16*s.*). Even those who never intend, in this life, to try their luck in the clouds, should take the opportunity of knowing something about this excellent man. I never spent a pleasanter day in my life than that on which I accompanied Mr. Bacon on a super-metropolitan cruise.

In View of Christmas: Some Sumptuous Gift-Books

The illustrated edition of *Boswell*, issued in parts by Messrs. Pitman, has now run its course, and has emerged in two handsome volumes. In the mass, the edition makes one of the finest gift-books possible, assuming the recipient to have self-improving tendencies.

South Devon is the latest theme to be treated in Messrs. Black's Colour Book Series. At the price of 6*s.* net is presented this collection of pretty colour plates (by Mr. C. E. Hannaford), assisted by readable and well-informed letterpress by Mr. Charles R. Rowe, who evidently knows his South Devon well.

A new book by Mr. Clive Holland on Japan is somewhat of an event. It has happened, and is entitled *Old and New Japan*. It has fifty illustrations in colour by Mr. Montague Smyth.

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Nooks and Corners of Old Paris is the irresistible title of a book by M. Georges Cain, which takes us, by picture and letterpress, over the most enchanted city-ground to be trod by Western feet. It is published by Mr. Grant Richards at 10*s.* 6*d.*, and has 100 illustrations. An ideal gift-book.

Among the persons who have to be remembered at Christmas is one's Private Secretary. A handy little volume that one might give him is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin (price I suppress, because he might see), and written by Mr. Arthur Sheppard. It is called *How to Become a Private Secretary*.

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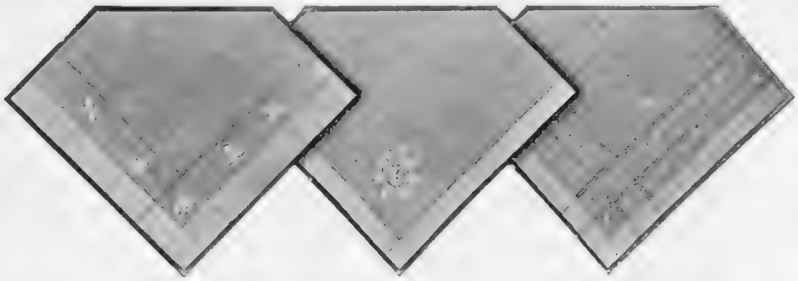

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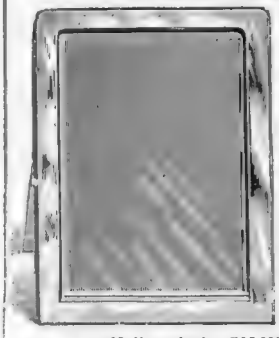

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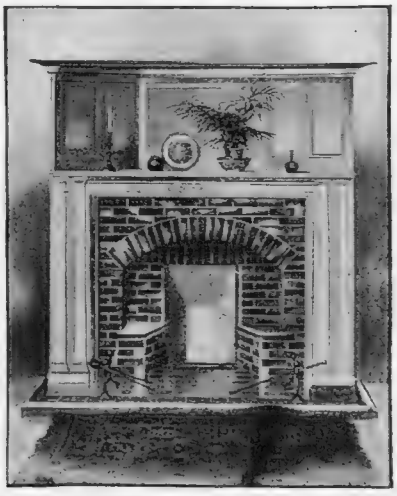

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HOCKEY

The Four-half-back Nuisance

I am very glad to see that the discussion of the vexed four-half-back question—even though it does not seem to get much "forrarder"—is still being kept alive, for the question is eminently one that calls for determination before another season is upon us. Everybody seems to be agreed that the four-half-back formation spoils the game, and yet that it pays, especially where a goalkeeper of more than ordinary proficiency is not forthcoming. This amounts to an admission that there is a flaw in the laws of the game which must be removed by legislation; but how to do it is a question which has yet to be answered satisfactorily. I cannot help thinking that the majority of the would-be reformers, although they include men whose position in Hockey gives the profoundest weight to their opinions, are on the wrong tack. Their solution of the difficulty is, on the face of it, a simple and obvious one. They say: Let us boldly ordain that a hockey team shall consist of a goalkeeper, two backs, three half-backs, and five forwards, eliminating the words in Rule 1: "But this formation shall not be compulsory." This looks all right on paper, but would it be possible to enforce such an enactment in actual practice? A goalkeeper loses nothing by advancing outside the limits of his own circle except his right to kick the ball, so that if he chooses to forfeit this right, he is entitled to call himself a goalkeeper even when he is half-way up the field; and, if the backs have a roving goalkeeper to assist them, there is nothing to prevent one of them from going up and assisting the half-backs. He can still call himself a back, even if, by force of circumstances, he finds himself in the half-back line, or even in front of it. In fact, to put the argument in a nutshell, you can't limit the sphere of a man's activity by merely giving him a label.

Photo *Thiele*

From Sport to Politics

Mr. J. E. Raphael, the Oxford double Blue, who has been adopted as the Liberal Candidate for Croydon at the next election

The Best Way to End It

The true solution of the difficulty seems to me to lie either in the enlargement or the total abolition of the circle. One generally finds this suggestion placed in subordination to the other, but, as a matter of fact, from a practical point of view, it beats it hollow. The abolition of the circle, would render a goalkeeper an absolute necessity, and would, at the same time, give him more to do. The reason why a goalkeeper's position at hockey is so unenviable and so little cultivated is that he either has too much or too little to do. As long as the goal has an inanimate protector in the shape of the circle the eleventh man is better employed outside its limits, unless he has a peculiar aptitude for stopping shots. His side, even when attacked, find it better policy to carry the war, as it were, into the enemy's country, and strengthen their first line of defence, leaving the protection of their base, more or less, to chance. Hence the four-half-back formation, and the fact that when a goal is scored against a four-half-back team it is usually of the kind known as "soft." I am convinced that if it were possible to take a shot from any part of the ground (say, within the half-way line) the four-half-back nuisance would at once disappear, and the game would be rendered more satisfying for the players and (probably) more interesting for the onlookers.

A Smart Team

There is not much doubt that, if the 'Varsity Hockey Match were to be played to-morrow, Cambridge would win it; in fact, this year Cambridge have got something just as much out of the common in the way of a hockey team as Oxford have in the way of a Rugger team. The secret of their success seems to lie in the speed of their forwards, which is so great that few backs can live with them through the whole of a match. In their match, for instance, with Mid-Surrey, the game was even for a while and the score two all, but after that Cambridge went right away, scored six goals in less than a quarter of an hour, and ultimately won by 11 goals to 2. The team, moreover, has shaken together remarkably quickly, and L. M. Robinson is in the happy position of having got the men he wants after one or two trials. It is probable, therefore, that, bar accidents, the team may be regarded as definitely made up, and a very fine team it is. Oxford, on the other hand, are still very much in the experimental stage. They are strong

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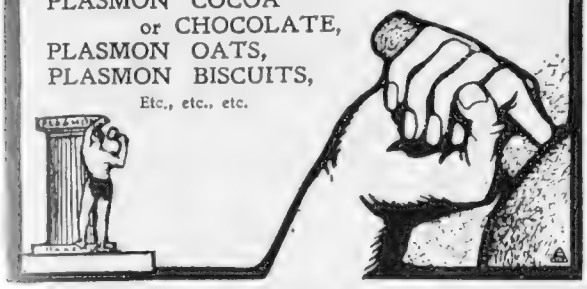

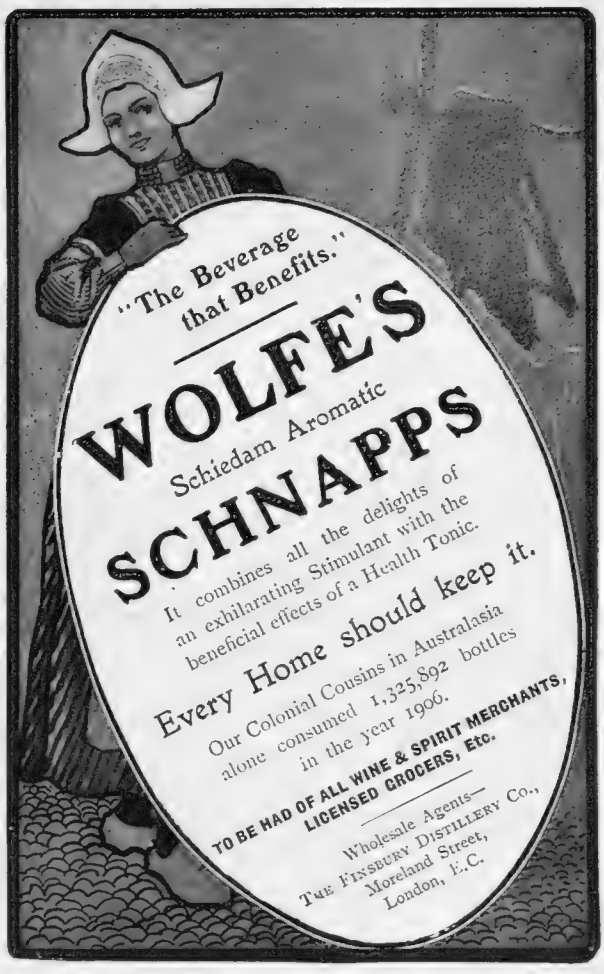

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Photo *Dixon*

The Ladies' Inter-County Golf Championship: The presentation of the Championship Cup to Yorkshire, the winners

In the final of the Ladies' Inter-County Golf Championship, played at Budleigh Salterton last week, Yorkshire beat Worcestershire, and, having won all three of their matches, secured the Championship with a total of six points. The Cup was presented by Mr. Whytock, Secretary of the East Devon Club

enough at back and half-back, though the left half-back position still appears to be difficult to fill quite satisfactorily, but the forwards are not a harmonious whole as yet, and C. S. Hurst has been trying several different men in the last two or three matches. Their weakness, at present, lies in their play within the circle, and their lack of ability to get goals. Mirfield is, on present form, about the best shot, but they have no one as yet to compare with H. J. Goodwin, the Cambridge centre. By far the best performance Cambridge have done yet was their defeat, on Saturday, of Southgate by 7—0. Southgate, like the 'Varsity, had an unbeaten record, and as the strength of a good 'Varsity team is ordinarily reckoned as about equal to that of one of the crack metropolitan teams, a close fight was anticipated. But the way in which Cambridge overran their doughty opponents proves them to be an exceptionally fast and clever team. The next in notability of Saturday's results was the draw which the Hawks managed to achieve against the redoubtable Hampstead eleven. A draw (2—2) also resulted from the meeting of Blackheath and Wimbledon.

RUGBY

The London Welsh Beaten

There were several rather unlooked-for Rugger results on Saturday. The chief of them, perhaps, was Guy's Hospital's win by a goal and two tries to a goal against the hitherto unbeaten London Welsh. The fact that Guy's are a very smart side this year was not properly appreciated until they beat Cambridge, about three weeks ago, by a try to nothing. Three days later they played the London Welsh and drew with them at two tries all, and now, in the return, they have gone one better. The Welshmen were without Maddocks (who has gone back to Wales), Meyrick, and Dyke. The Old Merchant Taylors greatly delighted their supporters by the way in which their forwards stuck to the all-conquering London Scottish eight. The Taylors were beaten, by three goals and a try to a goal and a try, mainly owing to the comparative failure of their backs as an attacking power; but in defence they were, as usual, quite sound, and all the Scottish tries took some getting.

A Welcome Win for the Nomads

The Marlborough Nomads have been wanting a win badly for some time past, and they got one on Saturday, their victims being the Old Leysians. It was quite a case of a sudden streak of form, for right up to half-time there was very little in it. Then something happened to set the Nomads going, and, at the end, they had run up three goals and a try to a penalty goal. Blackheath's defeat of Northampton by such a big score as a goal and five tries to nil is partly accounted for by the fact that an injury to H. C. Palmer compelled Northampton to reorganise (and, at the same time, disorganise) their back division. But the Blackheath forwards were in great form, and the return of their captain, Basil Hill, to the pack has worked like a charm. The 'Varsities both won again, Cambridge easily against Lennox and Oxford pretty easily, too, considering that they had Williamson injured early in the second half, against Richmond. But the critics who saw in Oxford a second Vassall's team are beginning to wish that they hadn't been in quite such a hurry to say so.

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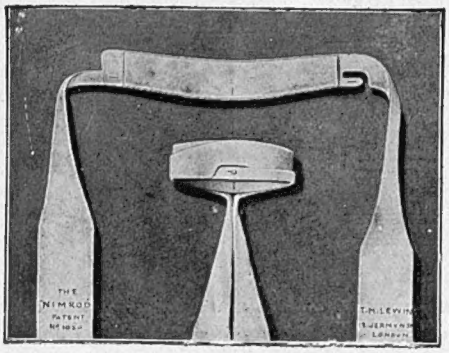

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The Cedar as a Lawn Tree

The selection of trees and shrubs should depend largely on the surroundings. It would be absurd to plant cedars, for example, in a small suburban garden, magnificent though they are in a large park, especially when looked at against a background of old masonry. Even the battered appearance which they generally acquire in time is no disadvantage to them in such positions, but many a valuable branch might be saved if a little support were given to it at the approach of the stormy season, and also if in winter no heavy weight of snow were allowed to accumulate on it. The slow growth of the ordinary cedar is rather against it, but for those who want to see more rapid progress there is another fine species, the Indan cedar, or deodar. These trees, like the majority of conifers, should never be pruned. If the leading shoots are cut they are utterly ruined, and even shortening the branches should be avoided. It is equally important, when transplanting them, not to damage any of the main roots; these should be left full length. Hence the difficulty of moving large specimens satisfactorily. They should be quite small when they are bought at the nursery.

The Fall of the Leaf

The changing colour of the foliage, which is one of the signs of autumn, is a most interesting process. Many of the materials—the chlorophyll, the starch, and the phosphoric acid—which the tree has accumulated in the leaves, are too valuable to be wasted; so, as the temperature falls, they gradually recede from the leaves to the buds at their base, and there remain during the winter to supply them with food when growth starts in Spring. One result of the withdrawal of these materials is that the leaves turn yellow or sometimes red; another is that their connection with the branch is gradually weakened, until at last a very slight breeze is sufficient to shake them down. For the sake of tidiness, they must be swept up anywhere near the house, and when they are very numerous, it is not always easy to dispose of them. As they contain a fairly large percentage of potash, they form, when placed in a heap to decay, a valuable fertilising agent; but if the trees from which they come have been attacked by insects or fungoid diseases, it would be safer to burn the leaves. The ashes possess some manurial value, though it is considerably less than that of leaf-mould. It is impossible to have too much leaf-mould in the garden. It is always wanted for potting purposes, and there is no better material for top-dressing lawns or flower-beds; it makes, when mixed with sand, an excellent substitute for peat for such plants as rhododendrons and azaleas. If frequently turned, the leaves are generally fit for use in about a year.

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Cedars as Lawn Trees

For lawns, especially if there is a background of old masonry, no trees give a finer effect than cedars. The slow growth of the ordinary cedar is rather against it, but there is another species, the Indian cedar or deodar, which makes rapid progress

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By MRS. JACK MAY

I am rather in the mind to talk of Christmas presents, but since it has been intimated to me that I shall be granted sufficient space wherein to exhaust the subject more or less completely very shortly, my enthusiasm shall be temporarily suppressed. But the air is positively thick with the subject, and among those always well to the front in this, as in everything else of a like nature, is

Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

A visit there, however, one day this week, had more directly to do with wearing apparel in general, and a certain striped tailor-made suit in particular. This has been sketched by our artist with her customary clever grasp of the general effect to be aimed at in the wear.

At the hem of the plain, perfectly cut skirt there is applied a broad, dove-tailed strapping, while the long basqued, semi-fitting coat of equally irreproachable cut is trimmed with black silk braid, and completed by the revived Bishop sleeve, the fulness at the wrist laid in small, stitched tucks beneath a turn-back cuff. As a whole, this suit is unique in excellence, the coat being lined with silk, and it is a pleasure to give mention of the price—6½ gns. As goes without saying, there are several varieties of the model.

Marshall and Snelgrove have, moreover, once again struck just the right note in a novel chenille tie with a plaited tassel finish, a feature included in the sketch. The fascination of this pretty thing no mere words can describe, and it is procurable in at least fourteen or fifteen colours. There are many and divers ways of wearing this tie, one of the cosiest and most becoming being an entirely double adjustment, the two ends being caught through the loop thus formed. Then, too, there is one of Marshall's coveted hats, a real masterpiece of pale tabac brown velvet, the brim lined taffeta, and just lightly curled up the left side of the front beneath a mass of brown wings, through which two smart quills are run. The tempered discretion of this model is obvious, and yet it is unquestionably *chic*.

The rumoured Henri II. fancy is an accomplished fact at Marshall and Snelgrove's, whose recognition is sufficiently significant, apart from all the real charm of the departure. For the instruction of those to whom the title conveys nothing in particular, the Henri II. hat boasts a high soft velvet crown, allied to a small, slightly curled brim, a tall plume of ostrich feathers imparting a decorative touch a little to the left of the front. On a very dark myrtle-green velvet, the feathers were of the now decreed natural hue, while another example was carried completely through in mole-grey. The eye, wearied to exhaustion by the awful travesties on the one-time graceful mushroom, will turn with indescribable relief to this Henri II. shape, with its appreciable crown and infinitesimal brim. As a hand-made hat, it

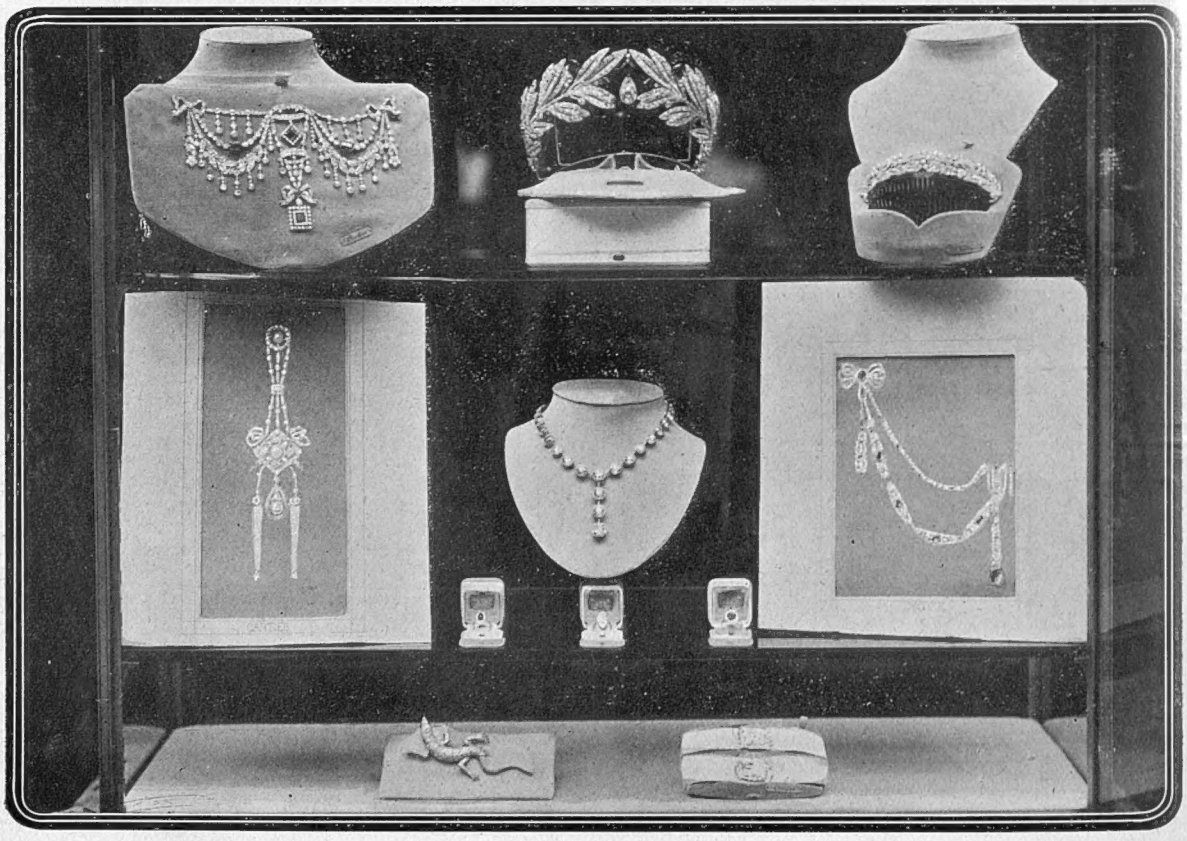

Photo *Manuel*

A Princess's Jewels

The magnificent jewels belonging to Princess Marie Bonaparte, whose wedding with Prince George of Greece is shortly taking place